

GOSPEL HYMNS

5 ^{AND} 6

COMBINED



By IRA D. SANKEY,

JAMES McGRANAHAN and GEO. C. STEBBINS



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ARDS ONLY)



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GOSPEL HYMNS

Nos. 5 ^{and} 6 Combined.

FOR USE IN GOSPEL MEETINGS

AND OTHER RELIGIOUS SERVICES.



BY IRA D. SANKEY,

JAMES MCGRANAHAN AND GEO. C. STEBBINS.

— WORDS ONLY. —

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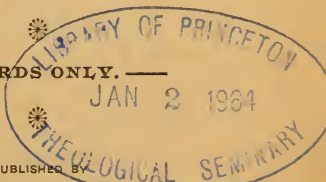
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PREFACE.

This Volume contains all the Hymns and Tunes found in Gospel Hymns No. 5 and No. 6, numbered in consecutive order, embracing 438 pieces, all duplicates having been omitted.

In addition to the *large number of new songs* in this collection, there will also be found a fine selection of Standard Gospel Hymns from volumes 1, 2, 3 and 4.

IRA D. SANKEY.
JAMES MCGRANAHAN.
GEO. C. STEBBINS.

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**THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.
THE JOHN CHURCH CO.**

GOSPEL HYMNS.

NOS. 5 AND 6 COMBINED.

1.

MY Saviour's praises I will sing,
And all His love express ;
Whose mercies each returning day,
Proclaim His faithfulness.

CHO.—Every day will I bless Thee !
Every day will I bless Thee !
And I will praise, will praise Thy
name
Forever and ever !

2 Redeemed by His almighty power,
My Saviour and my King ;
My confidence in Him I place,
To Him my soul would cling.

3 On Thee alone, my Saviour, God,
My steadfast hopes depend,
And to Thy holy will my soul
Submissively would bend.

4 Oh, grant Thy Holy Spirit's grace,
And aid my feeble powers,
That gladly I may follow Thee
Thro' all my future hours.

2.

“ONWARD, upward, homeward !”
Joyfully I flee
From this world of sorrow,
With my Lord to be ;
Onward to the glory,
Upward to the prize,

Homeward to the mansions
Far above the skies.

REF.—Onward to the glory,
Upward to the prize,
Homeward to the mansions,
Far above the skies.

2 “Onward, upward, homeward!”
Here I find no rest,
Treading o’er the desert
Which my Saviour pressed;
“Onward, upward, homeward!”
I shall soon be there,
Soon its joys and pleasures,
I, through grace, shall share.

3 “Onward, upward, homeward!”
Come along with me;
Ye who love the Saviour,
Bear me company.
“Onward, upward, homeward!”
Press with vigor on,
Yet a little moment
And the race is won.

3.

O H, soul toss’d on the billows, afar from
friendly land!
Look to Him who holds thee “in The hol-
low of His hand.”

CHO.—In “The hollow of His hand,”
In the hollow of His hand,
O, how safe are all who trust Him,
In “The hollow of His hand.”

2 Though the raging winds may drive thee,
a wreck upon the strand,
Still cling to Him who holds thee in “The
hollow of His hand.”

3 When strength is spent in toiling, and
wearily you stand,
Then rest in Him who holds thee in "The
hollow of His hand."

4 When by the swelling Jordan, your feet in
sinking sand,
Remember still He holds thee in "The
hollow of His hand."

5 And when at last we're gathered, with all
the ransomed band,
We'll praise our God who holds us in "The
hollow of His hand."

4.

PRAISE Him! praise Him! Jesus, our
blessed Redeemer!

Sing, O earth—His wonderful love pro-
claim!

Hail Him! hail Him! highest archangels
in glory;

Strength and honor give to His holy
name!

Like a shepherd, Jesus will guard His
children,

In His arms He carries them all day long;

Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His excel-
lent greatness,

Praise Him! praise Him! ever in joy-
ful song!

2 Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed
Redeemer!

For our sins He suffered, and bled, and
died;

He, our rock, our hope of eternal salvation,

Hail Him! hail Him! Jesus the crucified.

Sound His praises! Jesus, who bore our
sorrows,

Love unbounded, wonderful, deep, and
strong;

Praise Him! etc.

3 Praise Him! praise Him! Jesus, our blessed
Redeemer!

Heav'nly portals, loud with hosannas
ring!

Jesus, Saviour, reigneth for ever and ever;

Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and
Priest, and King!

Christ is coming! over the world victorious,

Power and glory unto the Lord belong;

Praise Him! etc.

5.

I KNOW not why God's wondrous grace,
To me He hath made known,
Nor why—unworthy—of such love
Redeemed me for His own.

CHO.—But "I know whom I have believed,
And am persuaded that He is able
To keep that which I've committed
unto Him against that day."

2 I know not how this saving faith
To me He did impart,
Nor how believing in His word
Wrought peace within my heart.

3 I know not how the Spirit moves,
Convincing men of sin,
Revealing Jesus through the Word,
Creating faith in Him.

4 I know not what of good or ill
May be reserved for me,
Of weary ways or golden days,
Before His face I see.

5 I know not when my Lord may come,
At night or noonday fair,
Nor when I'll walk the vale with Him,
Or "meet Him in the air."

6.

BEHOLD a Fountain deep and wide,
Behold its onward flow;
'Twas opened in the Saviour's side,
And cleanseth "white as snow,"
And cleanseth white as snow."

CHO.—Come to this Fountain,
'Tis flowing to-day;
And all who will may freely come,
And wash their sins away.

2 From Calvary's cross, where Jesus died
In sorrow, pain, and woe,
Burst forth the wondrous crimson tide
||: That cleanseth "white as snow." :||

3 Oh! may we all the healing power
Of that bless'd Fountain know;
Trust only in the precious blood
||: That cleanseth "white as snow." :||

4 And when at last the message comes,
And we are called to go,
Our trust shall still be in the blood
||: That cleanseth "white as snow." :||

7.

COME with thy sins to the fountain,
Come with thy burden of grief;
Bury them deep in its waters,
There thou wilt find a relief.

CHO.—Haste thee away, why wilt thou stay?
Risk not thy soul on a moment's de-
lay:

Jesus is waiting to save thee,
Mercy is pleading to-day.

2 Come as thou art to the fountain,
Jesus is waiting for thee ;
What though thy sins are like crimson,
White as the snow they shall be.

3 These are the words of the Saviour :
They who repent and believe,
They who are willing to trust Him,
Life at His hands shall receive.

4 Come and be healed at the fountain,
List to the peace-speaking voice ;
Over a sinner returning
Now let the angels rejoice.

8.

O CHILD of God, wait patiently
When dark thy path may be,
And let thy faith lean trustingly
On Him who cares for thee ;
And though the clouds hang drearily
Upon the brow of night,
Yet in the morning joy will come
And fill thy soul with light.

2 O child of God, He loveth thee,
And thou art all His own ;
With gentle hand He leadeth thee,
Thou dost not walk alone ;
And though thou watchest wearily
The long and stormy night,
Yet in the morning joy will come
And fill thy soul with light.

3 O child of God, how peacefully
He calms thy fears to rest,
And draws thee upward tenderly
Where dwell the pure and blest ;

And He who bendeth silently
Above the gloom of night,
Will take thee home where endless joy
Shall fill thy soul with light.

9.

REJOICE in the Lord, O let His mercy,
cheer,
He sunders the bands that enthrall;
Redeemed by His blood, why should we
ever fear,
Since Jesus is our "all in all."

CHO.—If God be for us, if God be for us,
If God be for us, who can be against
us;

Who, who, who, who can be against
us, against us?

2 Be strong in the Lord, rejoicing in His
might,

Be loyal and true, day by day;
When evils assail be valiant for the right,
And He will be our strength, our stay.

3 Confide in His word, His promises so sure,
In Christ they are "yea, and amen;"
Though earth pass away, they ever shall
endure,

'Tis written o'er and o'er again.

4 Abide in the Lord, secure in His control,
'Tis life everlasting begun;

To pluck from His hand the weakest, trem-
bling soul,

It never, never can be done.

10.

O WONDERFUL words of the gospel,
Oh! wonderful message they bring,
Proclaiming a blessed redemption
Through Jesus, our Saviour and King.

CHO.—Believe, oh, believe in His mercy,
That flows like a fountain so free;
Believe, and receive the redemption
He offers to you and to me.

2 He came from the throne of His glory,
And left the bright mansions above,
The world to redeem from its bondage,
So great His compassion and love.

3 O come to this wonderful Saviour,
Come, weary and sorrow-oppressed,
Behold on the cross how He suffered,
That you in His kingdom might rest.

4 There's no other refuge but Jesus,
No shelter where lost ones may fly,
And now, while He's tenderly calling,
O "turn ye," "for why will ye die?"

11.

CLOSER, Lord, to Thee I cling,
Closer still to Thee;
Safe beneath Thy sheltering wing
I would ever be;
Rude the blast of doubt and sin,
Fierce assaults without, within,
Help me, Lord, the battle win;—
Closer, Lord, to Thee.

2 Closer yet, O Lord! my Rock,
Refuge of my soul;
Dread I not the tempest shock,
Though the billows roll.
Wildest storm cannot alarm,
For to me can come no harm,
Leaning on Thy loving arm;—
Closer, Lord, to Thee.

3 Closer still, my Help, my Stay,
Closer, closer still;

Meekly there I learn to say,
 "Father, not my will ;"
 Learn that in affliction's hour,
 When the clouds of sorrow lower,
 Love directs Thy hand of power ;—
 Closer, Lord, to Thee.

4 Closer, Lord, to Thee I come,
 Light of life Divine ;
 Through the ever-blessed Son,
 Joy and peace are mine ;
 Let me in Thy love abide,
 Keep me ever near Thy side,
 In the "Rock of Ages" hide ;—
 Closer, Lord, to Thee.

12.

"GOD is love!"—His word proclaims it,
 Day by day the truth we prove ;
 Heaven and earth with joy are telling,
 Ever telling, "God is Love!"

CHO.—Hallelujah ! tell the story,
 Sung by angel choirs above ;
 Sounding forth the mighty chorus—
 "God is Light, and God is Love."

2 "God is love!"—Oh ! tell it gladly,
 How the Saviour from above
 Came to seek and save the lost ones,
 Showing thus the Father's love.

3 "God is love!"—Oh, boundless mercy—
 May we all its fullness prove !
 Telling those who sit in darkness,
 "God is Light, and God is Love!"

13.

JESUS, my Saviour, to Bethlehem came,
 Born in a manger to sorrow and shame ;
 Oh, it was wonderful—blest be His name !
 Seeking for me, for me !

REF.—Seeking for me, for me!
 Seeking for me, for me!
 Oh! it was wonderful—blest be His
 name!
 Seeking for me, for me!

2 Jesus, my Saviour, on Calvary's tree,
 Paid the great debt, and my soul He set
 free;
 Oh! it was wonderful—how could it be?
 Dying for me, for me!

REF.—Dying for me, for me!
 Dying for me, for me!
 Oh! it was wonderful—how could it
 be?
 Dying for me, for me!

3 Jesus, my Saviour, the same as of old,
 While I was wand'ring afar from the fold,
 Gently and long did He plead with my
 soul,
 Calling for me, for me!

REF.—Calling for me, for me!
 Calling for me, for me!
 Gently and long did He plead with
 my soul,
 Calling for me, for me!

4 Jesus, my Saviour, shall come from on
 high.
 Sweet is the promise as weary years fly;
 Oh! I shall see Him descending the sky,
 Coming for me, for me!

REF.—Coming for me, for me!
 Coming for me, for me!
 Oh! I shall see Him descending the
 sky,
 Coming for me, for me!

14.

OUT of my bondage, sorrow, and night,
 Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come ;
 Into Thy freedom, gladness, and light,
 Jesus, I come to Thee ;
 Out of my sickness into Thy health,
 Out of my want and into Thy wealth,
 Out of my sin and into Thyself,
 Jesus, I come to Thee.

2 Out of my shameful failure and loss,
 Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come ;
 Into the glorious gain of Thy cross,
 Jesus, I come to Thee ;
 Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm,
 Out of life's storms and into Thy calm,
 Out of distress to jubilant psalm,
 Jesus, I come to Thee.

3 Out of unrest and arrogant pride,
 Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come ;
 Into Thy blessed will to abide,
 Jesus, I come to Thee ;
 Out of myself to dwell in Thy love,
 Out of despair into raptures above,
 Upward for aye on wings like a dove,
 Jesus, I come to Thee.

4 Out of the fear and dread of the tomb,
 Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come ;
 Into the joy and light of Thy home,
 Jesus, I come to Thee ;
 Out of the depths of ruin untold,
 Into the peace of Thy sheltering fold,
 Ever Thy glorious face to behold,
 Jesus, I come to Thee.

15.

GLORY ever be to Jesus,
 God's own well-beloved Son ;

By His grace He hath redeemed us,
 "It is finished," all is done.

CHO.—Saved by grace through faith in Jesus,
 Saved by His own precious blood,
 May we in His love abiding,
 Follow on to know the Lord.

2 Oh! the weary days of wand'ring,
 Longing, hoping for the light:
 These at last lie all behind us,
 Jesus is our strength and might.

3 In His safe and holy keeping,
 'Neath the shadow of His wing,
 Gladly in His love confiding,
 May our souls His praises sing.

16.

WHO came down from heaven to earth?
 Jesus Christ our Saviour;
 Came a child of lowly birth?
 Jesus Christ our Saviour.

CHO.—Sound the chorus loud and clear,
 He hath brought salvation near,
 None so precious, none so dear:
 Jesus Christ, our Saviour.

2 Who was lifted on the tree?
 Jesus Christ our Saviour;
 There to ransom you and me?
 Jesus Christ our Saviour.

3 Who hath promised to forgive?
 Jesus Christ our Saviour;
 Who hath said "Believe and live"?
 Jesus Christ our Saviour.

4 Who is now enthroned above?
 Jesus Christ our Saviour;
 Whom should we obey and love?
 Jesus Christ our Saviour.

- 5 Who again from heaven shall come?
 Jesus Christ our Saviour;
 Take to glory all His own?
 Jesus Christ our Saviour.

17. **W**E have heard the joyful sound,
 Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
 Spread the tidings all around:
 Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
 Bear the news to every land,
 Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
 Onward! 'tis our Lord's command:
 Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

- 2 Waft it on the rolling tide:
 Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
 Tell to sinners far and wide:
 Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
 Sing, ye islands of the sea;
 Echo back, ye ocean caves;
 Earth shall keep her jubilee:
 Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

- 3 Sing above the battle strife:
 Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
 By His death and endless life,
 Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
 Sing it softly through the gloom,
 When the heart for mercy craves;
 Sing in triumph o'er the tomb,
 Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

- 4 Give the winds a mighty voice:
 Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
 Let the nations now rejoice,
 Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
 Shout salvation full and free,
 Highest hills and deepest caves;
 This our song of victory,
 Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

18.

HE is coming, the "Man of Sorrows,"
Now exalted on high;
He is coming with loud hosannas,
In the clouds of the sky.

CHO.—Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
He is coming again;
And with joy we shall gather round
Him,
At His coming to reign.

2 He is coming, our loving Saviour,
Blessed Lamb that was slain;
In the glory of God the Father,
On the earth He shall reign.

3 He is coming, our Lord and Master,
Our Redeemer and King;
We shall see Him in all His beauty,
And His praise we shall sing.

4 He shall gather His chosen people,
Who are called by His name,
And the ransomed of every nation
For His own He shall claim.

19.

WHEREVER we may go, by night or
day,
A loving voice within doth gently say:
"My son, from every way of sin depart;
Be Satan's slave no more, give Me thy
heart!"

CHO.—"Give Me thy heart, give Me thy
heart;
O weary wand'ring child! give Me
thy heart."

2 Slight not that voice so kind, but gladly
hear,

And choose the Lord to-day, while He is
near;
He will His pard'ning love to thee impart;
Oh! hear Him calling still, "Give Me thy
heart!"

- 3 We may have chosen long from Him to
roam,
Yet He will welcome us, if we but come;
Oh! may we not delay, but quickly start—
While Jesus sayeth still, "Give Me thy
heart!"

20.

LIST to the voice of the Prophet of old,
Proclaiming in language divine,
The wonderful, wonderful message of truth
That "they that be wise shall shine."

- CHO.—They shall shine as bright as the stars,
In the firmament jeweled with
light;
And they that turn many to righteous-
ness,
As the stars forever bright.

- 2 Though rugged the path where our duty
may lead,
O why should we ever repine?
When faithful and true is the promise to
all
That "they that be wise shall shine."

- 3 The grandeur of wealth, and the temples
of fame,
Where beauty and splendor combine,
Will perish, forgotten and crumble to dust,
But "they that be wise shall shine."

- 4 Then let us go forth to the work yet to do
With zeal that shall never decline,

Be strong in the Lord, and the promise
believe
That "they that be wise shall shine."

21.

I BELIEVED in God's wonderful mercy
and grace,
Believed in the smile of His reconciled face,
Believed in His message of pardon and
peace;
I believed, and I keep on believing.

CHO.—Believe! and the feeling may come or
may go,
Believe in the word that was written
to show
That all who believe their salvation
may know;
Believe, and keep right on believing.

2 I believed in the work of my crucified Lord,
Believed in redemption alone through His
blood,
Believed in my Saviour by trusting His
word;
I believed, and I keep on believing.

3 I believed in the heart that was opened for
me,
Believed in the love flowing blessed and
free,
Believed that my sins were all nailed to the
tree;
I believed, and I keep on believing.

4 I believed in Himself as the true Living One,
Believed in His presence on high on the
throne,
Believed in His coming in glory full soon;
I believed, and I keep on believing.

22.

MEET me there! oh! meet me there,
In the heav'nly world so fair,
Where our Lord has entered in,
And there comes no taint of sin;
With our friends of long ago,
Clad in raiment white as snow,
Such as all the ransom'd wear—
Meet me there! yes, meet me there!

2 Meet me there! oh! meet me there!
Far beyond this world of care;
When this troubled life shall cease,
Meet me where is perfect peace;
Where our sorrows we lay down
For the kingdom and the crown,
Jesus doth a home prepare—
Meet me there! yes, meet me there!

3 Meet me there! oh! meet me there!
No bereavements we shall bear;
There no sighings for the dead,
There no farewell tear is shed;
We shall, safe from all alarms,
Clasp our loved ones in our arms,
And in Jesus' glory share—
Meet me there! yes, meet me there!

23.

O WEARY pilgrim! lift your head:
For joy cometh in the morning!
For God in His own word hath said
That joy cometh in the morning!

CHO.—Joy cometh in the morning!
Joy cometh in the morning!
Weeping may endure for a night,
But joy cometh in the morning!

2 Ye trembling saints, dismiss your fears:
For joy cometh in the morning!

O weeping mourner ! dry your tears :
For joy cometh in the morning !

3 Let every burdened soul look up :
For joy cometh in the morning !
And every trembling sinner hope :
For joy cometh in the morning !

4 Our God shall wipe all tears away :
For joy cometh in the morning !
Sorrow and sighing flee away :
For joy cometh in the morning !

24.

ARE you ready, are you ready for the
coming of the Lord ?
Are you living as He bids you in His word ?
Are you walking in the light ?
Is your hope of heaven bright ?
Could you welcome Him to-night ?
Are you ready ?

CHO.—Therefore be ye also ready, be ye also
ready,
therefore be ye also ready,
for in such an hour, such an hour as
ye think not,
the Son of man cometh.

2 Are you waiting, are you waiting for the
coming of the King ?
Have you bundles of the golden grain to
bring ?
Can you lay at Jesus' feet
Any gathered sheaves of wheat,
There your blessed Lord to greet ?
Are you ready ?

3 Have you risen, have you risen from the
heavy midnight sleep ?
Have you risen from your slumber long
and deep ?

Are your garments washed from sin?
Are you cleansed and pure within?
Are you ready for the King?
Are you ready?

25.

PRAISE the Saviour, ye who know Him;
Who can tell how much we owe Him?
Gladly let us render to Him
All we are and have.

2 Jesus is the name that charms us;
He for conflict fits and arms us;
Nothing moves, and nothing harms us,
When we trust in Him.

3 Trust in Him, ye saints, forever;
He is faithful, changing never;
Neither force nor guile can sever
Those He loves from Him.

4 Keep us, Lord, oh! keep us cleaving
To Thyself, and still believing,
Till the hour of our receiving
Promised joys in heaven.

5 Then we shall be where we would be,
Then we shall be what we should be;
Things which are not now, nor could be,
Then shall be our own.

26.

SHINE on, O Star of beauty,
Thou Christ enthroned above;
Reflecting in Thy brightness.
Our Father's look of love.

CHO.—Shine on, shine on,
Thou bright and beautiful Star,
Shine on, shine on,
Thou bright and beautiful Star.

2 Shine on, O Star of glory !
 We lift our eyes to Thee ;
 Beyond the clouds that gather,
 Thy radiant light we see.

3 Shine on, O Star unchanging !
 And guide our pilgrim way,
 Until we see the dawning
 Of heav'n's eternal day.

4 And when, with Thy redeemed ones,
 We reach the heavenly shore,
 May we with Thee in glory
 Shine on forever more.

27.

FAR, far away in heathen darkness
 dwelling,
 Millions of souls forever may be lost ;
 Who, who will go, salvation's story telling,
 Looking to Jesus, heeding not the cost ?

CHO.—“ All power is given unto me,
 All power is given unto me,
 Go ye into all the world and preach
 the gospel, and lo,
 I am with you alway.”

2 See o'er the world the open doors inviting,
 Soldiers of Christ, arise and enter in !
 Brethren, awake ! our forces all uniting,
 Send forth the gospel, break the chains
 of sin.

3 “ Why will ye die ? ” the voice of God is
 calling,
 “ Why will ye die ? ” re-echo in His
 name ;
 Jesus hath died to save from death appall-
 ing,
 Life and salvation therefore go proclaim.

- 4 God speed the day when those of every
nation
"Glory to God," triumphantly shall
sing;
Ransomed, redeemed, rejoicing in salva-
tion,
Shout "Hallelujah for the Lord is King."

28.

I KNOW I love Thee better, Lord,
Than any earthly joy;
For Thou hast given me the peace
Which nothing can destroy.

CHO.—The half has never yet been told,
Of love so full and free!
The half has never yet been told,
The blood—it cleanseth me!

- 2 I know that Thou art nearer still
Than any earthly throng;
And sweeter is the thought of Thee
Than any lovely song.
- 3 Thou hast put gladness in my heart;
Then may I well be glad!
Without the secret of Thy love
I could not but be sad.
- 4 O Saviour, precious Saviour, mine!
What will Thy presence be,
If such a life of joy can crown
Our walk on earth with Thee?

29.

O PRECIOUS word that Jesus said!
The soul that comes to me,
I will in no wise cast him out,
Whoever he may be.

REF.—Whoever he may be,
Whoever he may be,

I will in no wise cast him out,
Whoever he may be.

2 O precious word that Jesus said !
Behold ! I am the Door ;
And all who enter in by me
Have life forevermore.

REF.—Have life forevermore,
Have life forevermore,
And all who enter in by Me,
Have life forevermore.

3 O precious word that Jesus said !
Come, weary souls oppressed,
Come take my yoke and learn of me,
And I will give you rest.

REF.—And I will give you rest,
And I will give you rest,
Come take my yoke and learn of Me,
And I will give you rest.

4 O precious word that Jesus said !
The world I overcame ;
And they who follow where I lead
Shall conquer in My Name.

REF.—Shall conquer in My Name,
Shall conquer in My Name,
And they who follow where I lead
Shall conquer in My Name.

30.

WEARY gleaner in the field, poor or
plenty be the yield,
Labor on for the Master, nothing fear-
ing,
There's a promise of reward, at the coming
of the Lord,
Unto all them that love His appearing.

CHO.—Oh! the crown, the glory crown,
 Oh! the happy day is nearing,
 When the crown of rich reward shall
 be given by the Lord
 Unto all them that love His appear-
 ing.

2 Jesus now has gone above to complete His
 work of love,
 His return day by day is surely nearing,
 When His own He will receive, and a wel-
 come He will give
 Unto all them that love His appearing.

3 Oh! how light will seem the grief, and the
 toilsome way how brief,
 When a crown in the glory we are wear-
 ing,
 Oh! the rapture who can tell, as forever
 there we dwell,
 With redeemed ones that loved His ap-
 pearing.

31.

WE lift our songs to Thee,
 Our Saviour and our guide,
 Oh! make us from our burdens free,
 And keep us near Thy side.

2 We lift our prayers to Thee,
 Who only heareth prayer;
 They who on earth do thus agree,
 Shall find Thy blessing there.

3 We lift our faith to Thee,
 Increased by grace divine;
 Help us, O Lord, Thy footsteps see,
 And on Thy help recline.

4 We lift our all to Thee,
 For all things, Lord, are Thine;
 Take us, and all we have, and see
 Thy likeness in us shine.

32.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives,
And has prepared a place for me,
And crowns of victory He gives
To those who would His children be.

CHO.—Then ask me not to linger long
Amid the gay and thoughtless throng.
||: For I am only waiting here
To hear the summons: "Child, come
home." :||

2 I'm trusting Jesus Christ for all,
I know His blood now speaks for me;
I'm list'ning for the welcome call,
To say: "The Master waiteth thee!"

3 I'm now enraptured with the thought,
I stand and wonder at His love—
That He from heaven to earth was brought,
To die that I may live above.

4 I know that Jesus soon will come,
I know the time will not be long,
Till I shall reach my heavenly home,
And join the everlasting song.

33.

NOT far, not far from the Kingdom,
Yet in the shadow of sin;
How many are coming and going—
How few there are entering in!

REF.—How few there are entering in!
How few there are entering in!
How many are coming and going!—
How few there are entering in!

2 Not far, not far from the Kingdom,
Where voices whisper and wait;
Too timid to enter in boldly,
So linger still outside the gate.

3 Away in the dark and the danger,
Far out in the night and the cold;
There Jesus is waiting to lead you
So tenderly into His fold.

4 Not far, not far from the Kingdom,
'Tis only a little space;
But oh, you may still be forever
Shut out from yon heavenly place.

34.

ONLY a beam of sunshine,
But oh, it was warm and bright;
The heart of a weary traveler
Was cheered by its welcome sight.
Only a beam of sunshine
That fell from the arch above,
And tenderly, softly whispered
A message of peace and love.

CHO.—Only a word for Jesus,
Only a whispered prayer
Over some grief-worn spirit
May rest like a sunbeam fair.

2 Only a beam of sunshine
That into a dwelling crept,
Where, over a fading rosebud,
A mother her vigil kept.
Only a beam of sunshine
That smiled through her falling tears,
And showed her the bow of promise,
Forgotten perhaps for years.

3 Only a word for Jesus!
Oh! speak it in His dear name;
To perishing souls around you
The message of love proclaim.
Go, like the faithful sunbeam,
Your mission of joy fulfill;

Remember the Saviour's promise,
That He will be with you still.

35.

A WAKE, my soul ! to sound His praise ;
Awake, my harp ! to sing ;
Join, all my powers ! the song to raise,
And morning incense bring.

2 Among the people of His care,
And through the nations round,
Glad songs of praise will I prepare,
And there His name resound.

3 Be Thou exalted, O my God !
Above the starry train ;
Diffuse Thy heavenly grace abroad,
And teach the world Thy reign.

4 So shall Thy chosen sons rejoice,
And throng Thy courts above ;
While sinners hear Thy pardoning voice,
And taste redeeming love.

36.

MY Father is rich in houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth of the world
in His hands !

Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold
His coffers are full—He has riches untold.

CHO.—I'm the child of a King !
The child of a King !
With Jesus, my Saviour,
I'm the child of a King !

2 My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men,
Once wandered o'er earth as the poorest of
them ;
But now He is reigning forever on high,
And will give me a home in heaven by and
by.

- 3 I once was an outcast stranger on earth,
A sinner by choice, an alien by birth;
But I've been adopted, my name's written
down,
An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown!
- 4 A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
They're building a palace for me over there!
Though exiled from home, yet still I may
sing,
All glory to God, I'm the child of a King!

37.

SONGS of gladness, never sadness,
Sing the ransomed ones in heaven;
Anthem swelling, ever telling
Of the joy of souls forgiven.

REF.—Sweetest music ever swelling
Through the courts of heaven above;
Ever singing, ever saying,
God is Life, and God is Love!

- 2 Ever sunshine, never shadow,
Calm, mild, clear, celestial day;
Ever summer in its brightness,
Never winter or decay.
- 3 Ever gazing, loving, praising,
With the angel hosts above;
One eternal Hallelujah,
One eternal song of love.
- 4 Never sighing, never sinning;
No distrust, nor doubt, nor fears;
Through the long, unending ages,
Through the long, eternal years.

38.

BLESSED assurance, Jesus is mine!
Oh! what a foretaste of glory divine!

Heir of salvation, purchase of God,
Born of His Spirit, washed in His blood.

CHO.—This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long;
This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long.

2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,
Visions of rapture now burst on my sight.
Angels descending, bring from above
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,
I, in my Saviour, am happy and blest.
Watching and waiting, looking above,
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

39.

A LAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

CHO.—At the cross, at the cross, where I first
saw the light,
And the burden of my heart rolled
away,
It was there by faith I received my
sight,
And now I am happy all the day.

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity, grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!

3 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do!

40.

IN the shadow of His wings
 There is rest, sweet rest;
 There is rest from care and labor,
 There is rest for friend and neighbor;
 In the shadow of His wings
 There is rest, sweet rest;
 In the shadow of His wings
 There is rest, *sweet rest*.

CHO.—||: There is rest, there is peace, there is
 joy
 In the shadow of His wings.:||

2 In the shadow of His wings
 There is peace, sweet peace;
 Peace that passeth understanding,
 Peace, sweet peace that knows no ending;
 In the shadow of His wings
 There is peace, sweet peace;
 In the shadow of His wings
 There is peace, *sweet peace*.

3 In the shadow of His wings
 There is joy, glad joy;
 There is joy to tell the story,
 Joy exceeding, full of glory;
 In the shadow of His wings
 There is joy, glad joy;
 In the shadow of His wings
 There is joy, *glad joy*.

41.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
 Ere repose our spirits seal;
 Sin and want we come confessing,
 Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.

2 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrows past us fly;

Angel guards from Thee surround us,
We are safe if Thou art nigh.

3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

4 Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
And our couch become our tomb,
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in bright and deathless bloom.

42.

JESUS is tenderly calling thee home—
Calling to-day, calling to-day;
Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou
roam

Farther and farther away?

REF.—Calling to-day, calling to-day,
Jesus is calling, is tenderly calling
to-day.

2 Jesus is calling the weary to rest—
Calling to-day, calling to-day;
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be
blest;
He will not turn thee away.

3 Jesus is waiting, oh! come to Him now—
Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
Come with thy sins, at His feet lowly bow;
Come, and no longer delay.

4 Jesus is pleading, oh! list to His voice—
Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;
They who believe on His name shall rejoice;
Quickly arise and away.

43.

SOME one will enter the pearly gate
By and by, by and by,

Taste of the glories that there await:

Shall you? shall I?

Some one will travel the streets of gold,
Beautiful visions will there behold,

Feast on the pleasures so long foretold:

Shall you? shall I?

2 Some one will gladly his cross lay down

By and by, by and by,

Faithful, approved, shall receive a crown:

Shall you? shall I?

Some one the glorious King will see,

Ever from sorrow of earth be free,

Happy with Him through eternity:

Shall you? shall I?

3 Some one will knock when the door is shut

By and by, by and by,

Hear a voice saying, "I know you not:"

Shall you? shall I?

Some one will call and shall not be heard,

Vainly will strive when the door is barred,

Some one will fail of the saints' reward:

Shall you? shall I?

4 Some one will sing the triumphant song

By and by, by and by,

Join in the praise with the blood-bought
throng:

Shall you? shall I?

Some one will greet on the golden shore

Loved ones of earth who have gone before

Safe in the glory forever more:

Shall you? shall I?

44.

OH, wondrous Name, by prophets heard
Long years before His birth;
They saw Him coming from afar,
The Prince of Peace on earth.

34 . GOSPEL HYMNS, 5 & 6 COMBINED.

CHO.—The Wonderful ! The Counsellor !
The Great and Mighty Lord !
The everlasting Prince of Peace !
The King, the Son of God !

2 O glorious Name, the angels praise,
And ransomed saints adore,
The Name above all other names,
Our refuge evermore.

3 O precious Name, exalted high,
To Him all power is given ;
Through Him we triumph over sin,
By Him we enter heaven.

45.

LET us sing of the love of the Lord,
As now to the cross we draw nigh ;
Let us sing to the praise of the God of all
grace,
For the love that gave Jesus to die.

REF.—O the love that gave Jesus to die,
The love that gave Jesus to die ;
Praise God, it is mine, this love so di-
vine,
The love that gave Jesus to die.

2 O how great was the love that was shown
To us—we can never tell why—
Not to angels, but *men*, let us praise Him
again
For the love that gave Jesus to die.

3 Now this love unto all God commends,
Not one would His mercy pass by ;
“ Whosoever shall call,” there is pardon
for all
In the love that gave Jesus to die.

4 Who is he that can separate those
Whom God doth in love justify ;

Whatsoever we need He includes in the deed;

In the love that gave Jesus to die.

46.

O BROTHER, life's journey beginning,
With courage and firmness arise;
Look well to the course thou art choosing,
Be earnest, be watchful, and wise;
Remember, two paths are before thee,
And both, thy attention invite;
But one leadeth on to destruction—
The other to joy and delight.

CHO.—God help you to follow His banner,
And serve Him wherever you go;
And when you are tempted, my brother,
God give you the grace to say "No."

2 O brother, yield not to the tempter,
No matter what others may do;
Stand firm in the strength of the Master,
Be loyal, be faithful, and true;
Each trial will make you the stronger,
If you, in the name of the Lord,
Fight manfully under your Leader,
Obeying the voice of His word.

3 O brother, the Saviour is calling;
Beware of the danger of sin;
Resist not the voice of the Spirit,
That whispers so gently within;
God calls you to enter His service,—
To live for Him here, day by day,
And share by and by in the glory
That never shall vanish away.

47.

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;

Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:—

- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages, in Thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

48.

FEAR not! God is thy shield,
And He thy great reward;
His might has won the field;
Thy strength is in the Lord!

REF.—Fear not! 'tis God's own voice
That speaks to thee this word;
Lift up your head: rejoice
In Jesus Christ, thy Lord!

- 2 Fear not! for God has heard
The cry of thy distress;
The water of His word
Thy fainting soul shall bless.
- 3 Fear not! be not dismayed!
He evermore will be
With thee, to give His aid,
And He will strengthen thee.
- 4 Fear not! ye little flock;
Your Shepherd soon will come,
Give water from the rock,
And bring you to His home!

49.

‘THERE shall be showers of blessing,”
 This is the promise of love ;
 There shall be seasons refreshing,
 Sent from the Saviour above.

CHO.—Showers of blessing,
 Showers of blessing we need ;
 Mercy-drops round us are falling,
 But for the showers we plead.

2 “There shall be showers of blessing”—
 Precious reviving again ;
 Over the hills and the valleys,
 Sound of abundance of rain.

3 “There shall be showers of blessing,”
 Send them upon us, O Lord !
 Grant to us now a refreshing,
 Come, and now honor Thy Word.

4 “There shall be showers of blessing,”
 Oh, that to-day they might fall,
 Now as to God we’re confessing,
 Now as on Jesus we call !

50.

WHEN we gather at last over Jordan,
 And the ransomed in glory we see,
 As the numberless sands of the sea-shore—
 What a wonderful sight that will be !

CHO.—Numberless as the sands of the sea-
 shore !
 Numberless as the sands of the shore !
 Oh ! what a sight ’twill be,
 When the ransomed host we see,
 As numberless as the sands of the sea-
 shore !

2 When we see all the saved of the ages,
 Who from sorrow and trials are free,

Meeting there with a heavenly greeting—
What a wonderful sight that will be!

3 When we stand by the beautiful river,
'Neath the shade of the life-giving tree,
Gazing over the fair land of promise—
What a wonderful sight that will be!

4 When at last we behold our Redeemer,
And His glory transcendent we see,
While as King of all kingdoms He
reigneth—
What a wonderful sight that will be!

51.

A BIDE with me! Fast falls the even-
tide,
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me
abide!

When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh! abide with me!

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass
away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with
me!

3 I need Thy presence ev'ry passing hour,
What but Thy grace can foil the temp-
ter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can
be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide
with me!

4 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing
eyes;
Shine through the gloom and point me to
the skies;

Heaven's morning breaks and earth's vain
shadows flee !

In life, in death, O Lord ! abide with me !

52.

○ PRAISE the Lord with heart and voice,
With God's own word your doubts
destroy.

Let those that trust in Thee rejoice,
Yea, let them shout for joy.

CHO.—Rejoice, rejoice in the Lord,
Rejoice in the Lord alway ;
Rejoice, rejoice in the Lord,
and again I say, Rejoice !

2 My life is hid with Thine, O Lord !
And sheltered from the world's alarm ;
Why should I sink beneath my load
When leaning on Thine arm.

3 For nothing anxious I shall be,
But trusting Thee in everything,
With thanks for every gift from Thee,
My troubles all take wing.

4 The joys that memory turns to pain,
I leave for joys that never end ;
My loss I count my richest gain,
For Christ His joy doth send.

53.

○ LAND of the blessed ! thy shadowless
skies

Sometimes in my dreaming I see ;
I hear the glad songs that the glorified
sing

Steal over Eternity's sea ;
Though dark are the shadows that gather
between,
I know that thy morning is fair,

I catch but a glimpse of thy glory and light,
And whisper: "Would God I were
there!"

2 O land of the blessed! thy hills of delight
Sometimes to my vision unfold;
Thy mansions celestial, thy palaces bright,
Thy bulwarks of jasper and gold;
Dear voices are chanting thy chorus of
praise,
Their forms in thy sunlight are fair;
I look from the valley of shadows below,
And whisper: "Would God I were
there!"

3 Dear home of my Father, thou City of peace,
No shadow of changing can mar;
How glad are the souls that have tasted thy
joy!
How blest thine inhabitants are!
When, weary of toiling, I think of the
day—
Who knows if its dawning be near?—
When He who doth love me shall call me
away
From all that hath burdened me here.

54. "NEARER the cross!" my heart can
say,
I am coming nearer;
Nearer the cross from day to day,
I am coming nearer;
Nearer the cross where Jesus died,
Nearer the fountain's crimson tide,
Nearer my Saviour's wounded side,
I am coming nearer,
I am coming nearer.

2 Nearer the Christian's mercy seat,
I am coming nearer;

Feasting my soul on manna sweet,
 I am coming nearer ;
 Stronger in faith, more clear I see
 Jesus, who gave Himself for me ;
 Nearer to Him I still would be,
 Still I'm coming nearer,
 Still I'm coming nearer.

3 Nearer in prayer my hope aspires,
 I am coming nearer ;
 Deeper the love my soul desires,
 I am coming nearer ;
 Nearer the end of toil and care,
 Nearer the joy I long to share,
 Nearer the crown I soon shall wear,
 I am coming nearer,
 I am coming nearer.

55.

THE Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide,
 A shelter in the time of storm ;
 Secure, whatever ill betide,
 A shelter in the time of storm.

CHO.—Oh ! Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
 A weary land, a weary land ;
 Oh ! Jesus is a Rock in a weary land,
 A shelter in the time of storm.

2 A shade by day, defence by night,
 A shelter in the time of storm ;
 No fears alarm, no foes affright,
 A shelter in the time of storm.

3 The raging storms may round us beat,
 A shelter in the time of storm ;
 We'll never leave our safe retreat,
 A shelter in the time of storm.

4 O Rock divine ! O Refuge dear !
 A shelter in the time of storm ;

Be Thou our helper, ever near,
A shelter in the time of storm.

56.

OH! who is this that cometh
From Edom's crimson plain,
With wounded side, with garments dyed?
Oh! tell me now Thy name.
"I that saw thy soul's distress,
A ransom gave;
I that speak in righteousness,
Mighty to save!"

CHO.—Mighty to save!
Mighty to save!
Lord, I'll trust Thy wondrous love,
"Mighty to save!"

2 Oh! why is Thine apparel
So very deeply dyed?—
Like them that tread the wine-press red?
Oh! why this crimson tide?
"I the wine-press trod alone,
'Neath sorrow's wave;
Of the people there was none
Mighty to save!"

3 O bleeding Lamb, my Saviour,
How couldst Thou bear this shame?
With mercy fraught Thine arm has
brought
Salvation in Thy name!
"I the victory have won,
Conquered the grave:
Now the year of joy has come,
Mighty to save!"

57.

LOW in the grave He lay—
Jesus, my Saviour!

Waiting the coming day—
Jesus, my Lord!

- CHO.—Up from the grave He arose,
With a mighty triumph o'er His foes;
He arose a Victor from the dark do-
main,
And He lives forever with His saints
to reign;
He arose! He arose!
Hallelujah! Christ arose!
- 2 Vainly they watch His bed—
Jesus, my Saviour!
Vainly they seal the dead—
Jesus, my Lord!
- 3 Death cannot keep his prey—
Jesus, my Saviour!
He tore the bars away—
Jesus, my Lord!

58.

SOFTLY and tenderly Jesus is calling,
Calling for you and for me;
See, on the portals He's waiting and watch-
ing,
Watching for you and for me.

- CHO.—Come home; come home,
Ye who are weary, come home;
Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling,
Calling, O sinner, come home!
- 2 Why should we tarry when Jesus is plead-
ing,
Pleading for you and for me?
Why should we linger and heed not His
mercies,
Mercies for you and for me?

- 3 Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing,
 Passing from you and from me;
 Shadows are gathering, death-beds are coming,
 Coming for you and for me.
- 4 Oh! for the wonderful love He has promised,
 Promised for you and for me;
 Though we have sinned He has mercy and pardon,
 Pardon for you and for me.

59.

O WAND'RING souls! why will you roam
 Away from God, away from home?
 The Saviour calls, O hear Him say,
 Whoever will may come to-day.

- CHO.—Whoever will, whoever will,
 Whoever will may come to-day;
 Whoever will may come to-day,
 And drink of the water of life.
- 2 Behold His hands extended now,
 The dews of night are on His brow;
 He knocks, He calls, He waiteth still;
 Oh, come to Him, whoever will.
- 3 In simple faith His word believe,
 And His abundant grace receive;
 No love like His the heart can fill,
 Oh, come to Him, whoever will.
- 4 The "Spirit and the Bride say, Come!"
 And find in Him sweet rest, and home;
 Let Him that heareth, echo still,
 The blessed *whosoever will*.

60.

AFFLICTIONS, though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent;
They stopped the prodigal's career,
And caused him to repent.

CHO.—“I'll not die here for bread, I'll not
die here for bread,” he cries;

“Nor starve in foreign lands;

My father's house has large supplies,
And bounteous are his hands.”

2 “What have I gained by sin?” he said,

“But hunger, shame, and fear?”

My father's house abounds in bread,
While I am starving here!

3 “I'll go and tell him all I've done,

Fall down before his face;

Unworthy to be called his son,
I'll seek a servant's place.”

4 His father saw him coming back;

He saw, he ran, he smiled,

And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child!

5 “O father! I have sinned—forgive!”

“Enough!” the father said;

“Rejoice, my house; my son's alive
For whom I mourned as dead!”

6 'Tis thus the Lord His love reveals,

To call poor sinners home;

More than a father's love He feels,
And welcomes all that come.

61.

HOW sweet, my Saviour, to repose
On Thine almighty power!

To feel Thy strength upholding me,
Through every trying hour!

CHO.—Casting all your care upon Him,
Casting all your care upon Him,
Casting all your care upon Him,
for He careth, He careth for you.

2 It is Thy will that I should cast
My every care on Thee;
To Thee refer each rising grief,
Each new perplexity;

3 That I should trust Thy loving care
And look to Thee alone,
To calm each troubled thought to rest,
In prayer before Thy throne.

4 Why should my heart then be distress
By dread of future ill?
Or why should unbelieving fear
My trembling spirit fill?

62.¹

IN the harvest field there is work to do,
For the grain is ripe, and the reapers
few,
And the Master's voice bids the workers
true
Heed the call that He gives to-day.

CHO.—Labor on! labor on!
Keep the bright reward in view;
For the Master has said,
He will strength renew;
Labor on till the close of day

2 Crowd the garner well with its sheaves all
bright,
Let the song be glad, and the heart be light;

Fill the precious hours, ere the shades of
night
Take the place of the golden day.

3 In the gleaner's path may be rich reward,
Though the time seems long and the labor
hard,
For the Master's joy with His chosen
shared,
Drives the gloom from the darkest day.

4 Lo! the Harvest Home, in the realms
above
Shall be gained by each who has toiled and
strove,
When the Master's voice, in its tones of
love,
Calls away to eternal day.

63.

"FOR God so loved!" Oh, wondrous
theme!

Oh! wondrous key to wondrous scheme!

A Saviour sent to sinful men—
Glory to God, the Father!

CHO.—Glory to God, the Father!
Glory to God, the Father!
Glory, glory,
Glory to God, the Father!

2 In love God gave, in love Christ came,
That man might know the Father's name,
And in the Son salvation claim—
Glory to God, the Father!

3 As man He tarried here below,
The power and love of God to show;
To help and heal all human woe—
Glory to God, the Father!

4 Upon the cross His life He gave,
His people from their sins to save;
For them descended to the grave—
Glory to God, the Father!

5 By God exalted from the dead,
He reigns on high, the living head
Of every soul for whom He bled—
Glory to God, the Father!

64.

O TROUBLED heart! there is a home,
Beyond the reach of toil and care;
A home where changes never come;
Who would not fain be resting there?

CHO.—||: Oh! wait, meekly wait, and murmur
not; :||
Oh! wait, oh! wait,
Oh! wait, and murmur not.

2 Yet, when bowed down beneath the load
By heaven allowed, thine earthly lot;
Look up! thou'lt reach that blest abode
Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.

3 If in thy path some thorns are found,
Oh! think who bore them on His brow;
If grief thy sorrowing heart has found,
It reached a holier than thou.

4 Toil on, nor deem, though sore it be,
One sigh unheard, one prayer forgot;
The day of rest will dawn for thee;
Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.

65.

SINNERS Jesus will receive:
Sound this word of grace to all
Who the heavenly pathway leave,
All who linger, all who fall.

REF.—Sing it o'er and o'er again :
 Christ receiveth sinful men ;
 Make the message clear and plain :
 Christ receiveth sinful men.

2 Come, and He will givo you rest ;
 Trust Him, for His word is plain ;
 He will take the sinfulest ;
 Christ receiveth sinful men.

3 Now my heart condemns me not,
 Pure, before the law I stand ;
 He who cleansed me from all spot,
 Satisfied its last demand.

4 Christ receiveth sinful men,
 Even me with all my sin ;
 Purged from every spot and stain,
 Heaven with Him I enter in.

66.

THERE'S a Stranger at the door ;
 Let Him in !
 He has been there oft before ;
 Let Him in !
 Let Him in ere He is gone ;
 Let Him in, the Holy One,
 Jesus Christ, the Father's Son ;
 Let Him in !

2 Open now to Him your heart ;
 Let Him in !
 If you wait He will depart ;
 Let Him in !
 Let Him in, He is your Friend ;
 And your soul He will defend,
 He will keep you to the end ;
 Let Him in !

Hear you now His loving voice ?
 Let Him in !

Now, oh! now, make Him your choice;
 Let Him in!
 He is standing at the door;
 Joy to you He will restore,
 And His name you will adore;
 Let Him in!

4 Now admit the heavenly guest;
 Let Him in!
 He will make for you a feast;
 Let Him in!
 He will speak your sins forgiven,
 And when earth-ties all are riven,
 He will take you home to heaven;
 Let Him in!

67.

I LOOKED to Jesus in my sin,
 My woe and want confessing;
 Undone and lost, I came to Him,
 I sought and found a blessing.

CHO.—“I looked to Him,”
 ’Tis true, His “Whosoever;
 “He looked on me,
 And we were one forever.”

2 I looked to Jesus on the cross,
 For me I saw Him dying;
 God’s word believed that all my sins
 Were there upon Him lying.

3 I looked to Jesus there on high,
 From death upraised to glory;
 I trusted in His power to save,
 Believed the old, old story.

4 He looked on me; oh! look of love!
 My heart by it was broken;
 And, with that look of love, He gave
 The Holy Spirit’s token.

5 Now one with Christ, I find my peace
In Him to be abiding,
And in His love for all my need,
In child-like faith confiding.

68.

ONCE more, my soul, thy Saviour, thro'
the Word,
Is offered full and free ;
And now, O Lord ! I must, I must decide ;
Shall I accept of Thee ?

CHO.—I will ! I will ! I will, God helping
me,
I will be Thine !
Thy precious blood was shed to pur-
chase me—
I will be wholly Thine !

2 By grace I will Thy mercy now receive,
Thy love my heart hath won ;
On Thee, O Christ ! I will, I will believe,
And trust in Thee alone !

3 Thou knowest, Lord, how very weak I am,
And how I fear to stray ;
For strength to serve I look to Thee alone—
The strength Thou must supply

4 And now, O Lord ! give all with us to-da,
The grace to join our song ;
And from the heart to gladly with us say
“ I WILL to Christ belong ! ”

5 To all who came, when Thou wast here be-
low,
And said, “ O Lord ! wilt Thou ? ”
To them “ I will,” was ever Thy reply ;
We rest upon it now.

69.

JESUS, my Lord, to Thee I cry;
 Unless Thou help me I must die :
 Oh ! bring Thy free salvation nigh,
 And take me as I am.

CHO.—And take me as I am,
 And take me as I am.
 My only plea—Christ died for me !
 Oh ! take me as I am.

2 Helpless I am, and full of guilt ;
 But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
 And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt,
 And take me as I am.

3 No preparation can I make,
 My best resolves I only break,
 Yet save me for Thine own name's sake,
 And take me as I am.

Behold me, Saviour, at Thy feet,
 Deal with me as Thou seest meet ;
 Thy work begin, Thy work complete,
 And take me as I am.

70.

SOULS of men, why will ye scatter
 Like a crowd of frightened sheep ?
 Foolish hearts ! why will ye wander
 From a love so true and deep ?
 Was there ever kinder Shepherd,
 Half so gentle, half so sweet,
 As the Saviour who would have us
 Come and gather round His feet ?

2 It is God ! His love *looks* mighty,
 But is mightier than it seems :
 'Tis our Father, and His fondness
 Goes far out beyond our dreams.

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
 Like the wideness of the sea ;
 There's a kindness in His justice,
 Which is more than liberty.

3 There is no place where earth's sorrows
 Are more felt than up in heaven ;
 There is no place where earth's failings
 Have such kindly judgment given.
 There is welcome for the sinner,
 And more graces for the good ;
 There is mercy with the Saviour ;
 There is healing in His blood.

4 But we make His love too narrow,
 By false limits of our own ;
 And we magnify His strictness
 With a zeal He will not own.
 There is plentiful redemption
 In the blood that has been shed ;
 There is joy for all the members
 In the sorrows of the Head.

5 If our love were but more simple
 We should take Him at His word ;
 And our lives would all be sunshine
 In the sweetness of our Lord.
 For the love of God is broader
 Than the measures of man's mind ;
 And the heart of the Eternal
 Is most wonderfully kind.

71.

IN the land of strangers,
 Whither thou art gone,
 Hear a far voice calling,
 " My son ! my son ! "

CHO.—" Welcome, wanderer, welcome !
 Welcome back to home !

Thou hast wandered far away :
Come home ! come home !”

- 2 “ From the land of hunger,
Fainting, famished, lone,
Come to love and gladness,
My son ! my son !”
- 3 “ Leave the haunts of riot,
Wasted, woe-begone,
Sick at heart and weary,
My son ! my son !”
- 4 “ See the door still open.
Thou art still my own ;
Eyes of love are on thee,
My son ! my son !”
- 5 “ Far off thou hast wandered ;
Wilt thou farther roam ?
Come, and all is pardoned,
My son ! my son !”
- 6 “ See the well-spread table,
Unforgotten one !
Here is rest and plenty,
My son ! my son !”
- 7 “ Thou art friendless, homeless,
Hopeless, and undone ;
Mine is love unchanging,
My son ! my son !”

72.

ON that bright and golden morning, when
the Son of man shall come,
And the radiance of His glory we shall
see ;
When from every clime and nation He
shall call His people home,
What a gathering of the ransomed that
will be !

CHO.—What a gathering, what a gathering,
 What a gathering of the ransomed
 in the summer land of love ;
 What a gathering, what a gathering,
 Of the ransomed in that happy home
 above.

2 When the blest who sleep in Jesus, at His
 bidding shall arise
 From the silence of the grave, and from
 the sea,
 And with bodies all celestial they shall
 meet Him in the skies,
 What a gathering and rejoicing there will
 be.

3 When our eyes behold the city, with its
 many mansions bright,
 And its river, calm and restful, flowing
 free ;
 When the friends that death has parted
 shall in bliss again unite,
 What a gathering and a greeting there
 will be.

4 Oh! the King is surely coming, and the
 time is drawing nigh
 When the blessed day of promise we shall
 see ;
 Then the changing "in a moment," "in
 the twinkling of an eye,"
 And forever in His presence we shall be.

73.

○ HEAR my cry, be gracious now to me,
 Come, Great Deliverer, come ;
 My soul bowed down, is longing, now, for
 Thee,
 Come, Great Deliverer, come.

- REF.—I've wandered far away o'er mountains cold,
 I've wandered far away from home
 Oh! take me now, and bring me to
 Thy fold,
 Come, Great Deliverer, come.
- 2 I have no place, no shelter for the night,
 Come, Great Deliverer, come;
 One look from Thee would give me life and
 light,
 Come, Great Deliverer, come.
- 3 My path is lone, and weary are my feet,
 Come, Great Deliverer, come;
 Mine eyes look up Thy loving smile to
 meet,
 Come, Great Deliverer, come.
- 4 Thou wilt not spurn contrition's broken
 sigh,
 Come, Great Deliverer, come,
 Regard my prayer and hear my humble
 cry,
 Come, Great Deliverer, come.

74.

GOD be with you till we meet again!
 By His counsels guide, uphold you,
 With His sheep securely fold you;
 God be with you till we meet again!

CHO.—Till we meet! Till we meet!
 Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
 Till we meet! Till we meet!
 God be with you till we meet again

- 2 God be with you till we meet again!
 'Neath His wings securely hide you,
 Daily manna still provide you;
 God be with you till we meet again!

- 3 God be with you till we meet again!
 When life's perils thick confound you,
 Put His loving arms around you;
 God be with you till we meet again!
- 4 God be with you till we meet again!
 Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
 Smite death's threatening wave before
 you;
 God be with you till we meet again!

- 75.
- I MUST walk through the valley and the
 shadow,
 But I'll journey in a loving Saviour's
 care;
 He hath said He will never, never leave
 me,
 With His staff He will comfort me there.
- CHO.—Through the valley, through the val-
 ley,
 Through the valley and the shadow
 I must go,
 But the dark waves of Jordan will not
 harm me.
 There is peace in the valley, I know.
- 2 When I walk through the valley and the
 shadow,
 All the weary days of toiling will be o'er;
 For the strong arms of Jesus will enfold
 me,
 And with Him I shall sorrow no more.
- 3 Though I walk through the valley and the
 shadow,
 Yet the glory of the dawning I shall see;
 I shall join in the anthems over Jordan,
 Where the loved ones are waiting for me

- 4 I shall walk through the valley and the shadow,
 I shall follow where my Lord has gone before;
 Through the mists of the valley He will lead me,
 Till I rest on the Ever-green Shore.

76.

- GOD'S almighty arms are round me,
 Peace, peace is mine;
 Judgment scenes need not confound me,
 Peace, peace is mine.
 Jesus came Himself and sought me!
 Sold to Death, He found and bought me!
 Then my blessed freedom taught me,
 Peace, peace is mine.
- 2 While I hear life's rugged billows,
 Peace, peace is mine;
 Why suspend my harp on willows?
 Peace, peace is mine.
 I may sing with Christ beside me,
 Though a thousand ills betide me;
 Safely He hath sworn to guide me,
 Peace, peace is mine.
- 3 Every trial draws Him nearer,
 Peace, peace is mine;
 All His strokes but make Him dearer,
 Peace, peace is mine.
 Bless I then the hand that smiteth
 Gently, and to heal delighteth;
 'Tis against *my sins* He fighteth,
 Peace, peace is mine.
- 4 Welcome every rising sunlight,
 Peace, peace is mine;
 Nearer home each rolling midnight,
 Peace, peace is mine.

Death and hell cannot appal me;
 Safe in Christ whate'er befall me,
 Calmly wait I till He call me,
 Peace, peace is mine.

77.

"LOOK unto Me, and be ye saved,"
 Oh! hear the blest command,
 Salvation full! salvation free!
 Proclaim through every land.

CHO.—"Look unto Me and be ye saved,
 all ye ends of the earth,
 for I am God, there is none else,
 Look unto Me, and be ye saved."

2 "Look unto Me," upon the cross,
 O weary, burdened soul!
 'Twas there on Me thy sins were laid,
 Believe, and be made whole.

3 "Look unto Me," thy risen Lord,
 In dark temptation's hour,
 The needful grace I'll freely give,
 To keep from Satan's power.

4 "Look unto Me," and not *within*,
 No help is *there* for thee;
 For pardon, peace, and all thy need
 Look only unto Me.

78.

AS I wandered 'round the homestead,
 Many a dear familiar spot
 Brought within my recollection
 Scenes I'd seemingly forgot;
 There, the orchard—meadow, yonder—
 Here, the deep, old-fashioned well,
 With its old, moss-covered bucket,
 Sent a thrill no tongue can tell.

- 2 Though the house was held by strangers,
All remained the same within ;
Just as when a child I rambled
Up and down, and out and in ;
To the garret dark ascending—
Once a source of childish dread—
Peering through the misty cobwebs,
Lo! I saw my trundle-bed.
- 3 Quick I drew it from the rubbish,
Covered o'er with dust so long :
When, behold, I heard in fancy
Strains of one familiar song,
Often sung by my dear mother
To me in that trundle-bed ;
- “ Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber !
Holy angels guard thy bed ! ”
- 4 While I listen to the music
Stealing on in gentle strain,
I am carried back to childhood—
I am now a child again :
'Tis the hour of my retiring,
At the dusky eventide ;
Near my trundle-bed I'm kneeling,
As of yore, by mother's side.
- 5 Hands are on my head so loving,
As they were in childhood's days ;
I, with weary tones, am trying
To repeat the words she says ;
'Tis a prayer in language simple
As a mother's lips can frame :
- “ Father, Thou who art in heaven,
Hallowed, ever, be Thy name. ”
- 6 Prayer is over ; to my pillow
With a “ good-night ! ” kiss I creep,
Scarcely waking while I whisper,
“ Now I lay me down to sleep, ”

Then my mother, o'er me bending,
Prays in earnest words, but mild :
" Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father !
Bless, oh ! bless, my precious child !"

7 Yet I am but only dreaming :
Ne'er I'll be a child again ;
Many years has that dear mother
In the quiet churchyard lain ;
But the mem'ry of her counsels,
O'er my path a light has shed,
Daily calling me to heaven,
Even from my trundle-bed.

79.

O H, wonderful, wonderful Word of the
Lord !

True wisdom its pages unfold ;
And though we may read them a thousand
times o'er,
They never, no never, grow old !
Each line hath a treasure, each promise a
pearl,
That all if they will may secure ;
And we know that when time and the
world pass away,
God's Word shall forever endure.

2 Oh, wonderful, wonderful Word of the
Lord !

The lamp that our Father above
So kindly has lighted to teach us the way
That leads to the arms of His love !
Its warnings, its counsels, are faithful and
just ;
Its judgments are perfect and pure ;
And we know that when time and the
world pass away,
God's Word shall forever endure.

3 Oh, wonderful, wonderful Word of the Lord!

Our only salvation is there;
It carries conviction down deep in the heart,
And shows us ourselves as we are.
It tells of a Saviour, and points to the cross,
Where pardon we now may secure;
For we know that when time and the world
pass away,
God's Word shall forever endure.

4 Oh, wonderful, wonderful Word of the Lord!

The hope of our friends in the past;
Its truth, where so firmly they anchored
their trust,
Though ages eternal shall last.
Oh, wonderful, wonderful Word of the
Lord!
Unchanging, abiding and sure;
For we know that when time and the world
pass away,
God's Word shall forever endure.

80.

THERE is no name so sweet on earth,
No name so sweet in heaven,
The name, before His wondrous birth,
To Christ the Saviour given.

REF.—We love to sing of Christ, our King,
And hail Him blessed Jesus!
For there's no word ear ever heard
So dear, so sweet, as "Jesus!"

2 And when He hung upon the tree
They wrote this name above Him
That all might see the reason we
For evermore must love Him.

3 So now, upon His Father's throne—
Almighty to release us
From sin and pain—He ever reigns,
The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.

4 O Jesus! by that matchless Name
Thy grace shall fail us never
To-day as yesterday the same,
Thou art the same for ever!

81.

· **H**O, reapers in the whitened harvest
Oft feeble, faint, and few,
Come, wait upon the blessed Master,
Our strength He will renew.

CHO.—For they that wait upon the Lord shall
renew their strength,
They shall mount up with wings,
they shall mount up with wings
as eagles:
||: They shall run and not be weary,
They shall walk and not faint. :||

2 Too oft aweary and discouraged,
We pour a sad complaint;
Believing in a *living* Saviour,
Why should we ever faint?

3 Rejoice, for He is with us alway, .
Lo, even to the end!
Look up, take courage and go forward,
All needed grace He'll send.

82.

WOULD we be joyful in the Lord?
Then count the riches o'er
Revealed to faith within His Word,
And note the boundless store.

CHO.—There is pardon, peace, and power,
And purity, and Paradise;

With all of these in Christ for me,
Let joyful songs of praise to Him
arise !

- 2 For every sin, by grace divine
A *pardon* free bestowed ;
And with the pardon *peace* is mine,
The peace in Jesus' blood.
- 3 Of grace to break the power of sin,
He gives a full supply ;
The Holy Ghost, the heart within,
From sin doth *purify*.
- 4 The *power* to win a soul to God,
The Spirit, too, imparts ;
And He, the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Dwells now in all our hearts.
- 5 These blessings we by faith receive,
By simple childlike trust ;
In Christ, 'tis God's delight to *give* ;
He promised, and He must.

83.

"N^{EITHER} do I condemn thee,"
O words of wondrous grace !
Thy sins were borne upon the cross,
Believe, and go in peace.

CHO.—"Neither do I condemn thee,"
O sing it o'er and o'er ;
"Neither do I condemn thee,
Go and sin no more."

2 "Neither do I condemn thee,"
For there is therefore now
No condemnation for thee,
As at the cross you bow.

3 "Neither do I condemn thee,"
I came not to condemn ;

I came from God to save thee,
And turn thee from thy sin.

- 4 "Neither do I condemn thee,"
O praise the God of grace;
O praise His Son, our Saviour,
For this His word of peace.

84.

"**T**HOUGH your sins be as scarlet,
They shall be as white as snow;
Though they be red like crimson,
They shall be as wool;"

||: "Though your sins be as scarlet, :||
||: They shall be as white as snow." :||

- 2 Hear the voice that entreats you,
Oh! return ye unto God!
He is of great compassion
And of wondrous love;
||: Hear the voice that entreats you, :||
||: Oh! return ye unto God. :||

- 3 He'll forgive your transgressions,
And remember them no more;
"Look unto Me, ye people,"
Saith the Lord, your God;
||: He'll forgive your transgressions, :||
||: And remember them no more. :||

85.

REJOICE, rejoice, believer,
And let thy joy and glory ever be,
In Him, the Great Deliverer,
Who gave Himself a sacrifice for thee.

CHO.—Rejoice, believer, rejoice and sing of
Him who lives for ever,
Thy great High Priest and King.

- 2 Rejoice in thy Redeemer,
Thou hast a place that nothing can re-
move;

He bids thee dwell in safety,
And rest beneath the shadow of His love.

3 Rejoice, rejoice, believer,
A home on high is waiting now for thee;
And there in all His beauty,
The King of saints with wonder thou shalt see.

4 Rejoice, rejoice, believer,
Press on to join the happy, happy throng;
Where soon thy Lord will call thee
To realms of joy and everlasting song.

86.

O H, hear the joyful message,
'Tis sounding far and wide;
Good news of full salvation,
Thro' Him, the Crucified;
God's Word is Truth Eternal;
Its promise all may claim,
Who look by faith to Jesus,
And call upon His name.

CHO.—||: "Whosoever calleth, :||
Whosoever calleth on His name
shall be saved!
||: Whosoever calleth, :||
Whosoever calleth on the Lord
shall be saved!"

2 Ye souls that long in darkness
The path of sin have trod,
Behold, the light of mercy!
Behold the Lamb of God;
With all your heart believe Him,
And now the promise claim,
That none shall ever perish,
Who call upon His name.

3 Ye weary, heavy laden,
Oppressed with toil and care,

He waits to bid you welcome,
And all your burdens bear;
A precious gift He offers,
A gift that all may claim,
Who look to Him believing,
And call upon His name.

87.

GLORY be to the Father, and to the Son,
and to the Holy Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and
ever shall be, world without end.
[Amen.]

88.

"COME unto Me,"
It is the Saviour's voice,
The Lord of life, who bids thy heart rejoice;
O weary heart with heavy cares oppress'd,
"Come unto Me," and I will give you rest.
REF.—||: "Come unto Me," :|| "Come unto
Me," and I will give you rest."
||: I will give you rest. :||
2 Weary with life's long struggle full of pain,
O doubting soul, thy Saviour calls again;
Thy doubts shall vanish and thy sorrows
cease,
"Come unto Me," and I will give you peace.
3 Oh, dying man, with guilt and sin dis-
mayed,
With conscience wakened, of thy God afraid;
Twixt hopes and fears—oh, end the anx-
ious strife,
"Come unto Me," and I will give you life.
4 Rest, peace, and life, the flow'rs of deathless
bloom,
The Saviour gives us, not beyond the
tomb—

But here, and now, on earth, some glimpse
 is giv'n
 Of joys which wait us thro' the gates of
 heav'n.

89.

SAFE home, safe home in port !
 Rent cordage, shattered deck,
 Torn sails, provisions short,
 And only not a wreck :
 But, oh ! the joy upon the shore,
 To tell our voyage perils o'er.

2 The prize, the prize secure !
 The wrestler nearly fell ;
 Bare all he could endure,
 And bare not always well :
 But he may smile at troubles gone
 Who sets the victor-garland on !

3 No more the foe can harm !
 No more of leaguered camp,
 And cry of night alarm,
 And need of ready lamp :—
 And yet how nearly had he failed—
 How nearly had that foe prevailed !

4 The exile is at home !
 Oh, nights and days of tears !
 Oh, longings not to roam !
 Oh, sins and doubts and fears !
 What matters now grief's darkest day,
 When God has wiped all tears away !

90.

ON Calvary's brow my Saviour died,
 'Twas there my Lord was crucified :
 'Twas on the cross He bled for me,
 And purchased there my pardon free.

CHO.—O Calvary ! dark Calvary !
 Where Jesus shed His blood for me ;

O Calvary ! blest Calvary !

'Twas there my Saviour died for
me.

2 'Mid rending rocks and dark'ning skies,
My Saviour bows His head and dies ;
The opening vail reveals the way
To heaven's joys and endless day.

3 O Jesus, Lord, how can it be,
That Thou shouldst give Thy life for me,
To bear the cross and agony,
In that dread hour on Calvary ?

91.

HOLD Thou my hand ; so weak I am,
and helpless,

I dare not take one step without Thy aid ;
Hold Thou my hand ; for then, O loving
Saviour,

No dread of ill shall make my soul afraid.

2 Hold thou my hand ; and closer, closer
draw me
To Thy dear self—my hope, my joy, my
all ;

Hold Thou my hand, lest haply I should
wander,

And missing Thee, my trembling feet
should fall.

3 Hold Thou my hand ; the way is dark
before me

Without the sunlight of Thy face divine ;
But when by faith I catch its radiant glory,
What heights of joy, what rapturous
songs are mine !

4 Hold Thou my hand, that when I reach the
margin

Of that lone river Thou didst cross for
me,
A heavenly light may flash along its waters,
And every wave like crystal bright shall
be.

92.

“**B**E ye strong in the Lord and the
power of His might,”
Firmly standing for the truth of His
word;
He shall lead you safely through the thick-
est of the fight,
You shall conquer in the name of the
Lord.

CHO.—Firmly stand for the right,
On to vict’ry at the King’s com-
mand;
For the honor of the Lord, and the
triumph of His word,
In the strength of the Lord firmly
stand.

2 “Be ye strong in the Lord and the power
of His might,”
Never turning from the face of the foe;
He will surely by you stand, as you battle
for the right,
In the power of His might onward go.

3 “Be ye strong in the Lord and the power
of His might,”
For His promises shall never, never fail;
By thy right hand He’ll hold thee while
battling for the right,
Trusting Him thou shalt for evermore
prevail.

93.

ON the Resurrection morning,
Soul and body meet again,

No more sorrow, no more weeping,
No more pain.

- 2 Here awhile they must be parted,
And the flesh its sabbath keep,
Waiting in a holy stillness,
Wrapped in sleep.
- 3 For a space the tired body
Waits in peace the morning's dawn,
When there breaks the last and brightest
Easter morn.
- 4 On that happy Easter morning
All the graves their dead restore,
Father, mother, sister, brother,
Meet once more.
- 5 Soul and body, re-united,
Henceforth nothing shall divide,
Waking up in Christ's own likeness,
Satisfied.

94.

SONS of God, beloved in Jesus!
O the wondrous word of grace;
In His Son the Father sees us,
And as sons He gives us place.

CHO.—Beloved, now are we the sons of God,
and it doth not yet appear what we
shall be:
but ||: we know that when He shall ap-
pear, :||
||: we shall be like Him ; :||
for we shall see Him as He is.

- 2 Blessed hope now brightly beaming,
On our God we soon shall gaze;
And in light celestial gleaming,
We shall see our Saviour's face.

- 3 By the power of grace transforming,
We shall then His image bear;
Christ His promised word performing,
We shall then His glory share.

95.

THERE is a name I love to hear;
I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear—
The sweetest Name on earth.

- 2 It tells me of a Saviour's love
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood—
The sinner's perfect plea.

- 3 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my smallest woe—
Who in each sorrow bears a part
That none can bear below.

- 4 It bids my trembling soul rejoice,
And dries each rising tear;
It tells me in a "still small voice,"
To trust, and not to fear.

96.

BLESSED be the Fountain of blood,
To a world of sinners revealed;
Blessed be the dear Son of God:
Only by His stripes we are healed.
Though I've wandered far from His fold,
Bringing to my heart pain and woe,
Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb,
And I shall be whiter than snow.

CHO.—||: Whiter than the snow, :||
Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb,
And I shall be whiter than snow.

- 2 Thorny was the crown that He wore,
And the cross His body o'ercame;

Grievous were the sorrows He bore,
 But He suffered not thus in vain.
 May I to that Fountain be led,
 Made to cleanse my sins here below;
 Wash me in the Blood that He shed,
 And I shall be whiter than snow.

- 3 Father, I have wandered from Thee,
 Often has my heart gone astray;
 Crimson do my sins seem to me—
 Water cannot wash them away.
 Jesus, to that Fountain of Thine,
 Leaning on Thy promise I go;
 Cleanse me by Thy washing divine,
 And I shall be whiter than snow.

97.

NOW the day is over,
 Night is drawing nigh
 Shadows of the evening
 Steal across the sky.

- 2 Jesus, give the weary
 Calm and sweet repose;
 With Thy tenderest blessing
 May our eyelids close.
- 3 Thro' the long night-watches
 May thine angels spread
 Their white wings above us,
 Watching round each bed.
- 4 When the morning wakens,
 Then may I arise
 Pure, and fresh, and sinless
 In Thy holy eyes.
- 5 Glory to the Father,
 Glory to the Son,
 And to Thee, blest Spirit,
 Whilst all ages run. Amen.

98.

IN the secret of His presence how my
soul delights to hide!

Oh, how precious are the lessons which I
learn at Jesus' side!

Earthly cares can never vex me, neither
trials lay me low;

For when Satan comes to tempt me, to the
secret place I go, to the secret place I go.

2 When my soul is faint and thirsty, 'neath
the shadow of His wing

There is cool and pleasant shelter, and a
fresh and crystal spring;

And my Saviour rests beside me, as we
hold communion sweet:

If I tried, I could not utter what He says
when thus we meet, what He says when
thus we meet.

3 Only this I know: I tell Him all my
doubts, my griefs and fears;

Oh, how patiently He listens! and my
drooping soul He cheers:

Do you think He ne'er reproves me? what
a false friend He would be,

If He never, never told me of the sins
which He must see, of the sins which
He must see.

4 Would you like to know the sweetness of
the secret of the Lord?

Go and hide beneath His shadow: this shall
then be your reward;

And whene'er you leave the silence of that
happy meeting place,

You must mind and bear the image of the
Master in your face, of the Master in
your face.

99.

“ *TILL He come!* ”—Oh, let the words
 Linger on the trembling chords,
 Let the “ little while ” between
 In their golden light be seen ;
 Let us think how heaven and home
 Lie beyond that, “ *Till He come!* ”

- 2 When the weary ones we love
 Enter on that rest above,
 When their words of love and cheer
 Fall no longer on our ear,
 Hush ! be ev'ry murmur dumb,
 It is only “ *Till He come!* ”
- 3 Clouds and darkness round us press ;
 Would we have one sorrow less ?
 All the sharpness of the cross,
 All that tells the world is loss,
 Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
 Pain us only “ *Till He come!* ”
- 4 See, the feast of love is spread,
 Drink the wine and eat the bread ;
 Sweet memorials, till the Lord
 Call us round His heavenly board,
 Some from earth, from glory some,
 Severed only “ *Till He come!* ”

100.

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before.
 Christ, the royal Master,
 Leads against the foe ;
 Forward into battle,
 See, His banners go.

CHO.—Onward, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus,
 Going on before.

2 Like a mighty army,
 Moves the Church of God:
 Brothers, we are treading
 Where the saints have trod.
 We are not divided,
 All one body we,
 One in hope and doctrine,
 One in charity.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane,
 But the Church of Jesus
 Constant will remain.
 Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst that Church prevail:
 We have Christ's own promise,
 And that cannot fail.

4 Onward, then, ye faithful,
 Join our happy throng,
 Blend with ours your voices,
 In the triumph-song:
 Glory, laud, and honor,
 Unto Christ the King:
 This, thro' countless ages,
 Men and angels sing.

101.

JESUS Saviour, pilot me,
 Over life's tempestuous sea;
 Unknown waves before me roll,
 Hiding rock and treach'rous shoal;
 Chart and compass come from Thee:
 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
 Thou canst hush the ocean wild;

Boist'rous waves obey Thy will,
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.

- 3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

102.

I'VE found a friend in Jesus,—He's every-
thing to me;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my
soul!
The "Lily of the Valley," in Him alone I
see,—
All I need to cleanse and make me fully
whole;
In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble
He's my stay;
He tells me ev'ry care on Him to roll;
He's the "Lily of the Valley," the bright
and morning Star;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to my
soul!

CHO.—In sorrow He's my comfort, in
trouble He's my stay;
He tells me ev'ry care on Him to roll;
He's the "Lily of the Valley," the
bright and morning Star;
He's the fairest of ten thousand to
my soul!

- 2 He all my grief has taken, and all my sor-
rows borne;
In temptation He's my strong and mighty
tower;

I've all for Him forsaken, I've all my idols
torn

From my heart, and now He keeps me
by His power.

Tho' all the world forsake me, and Satan
tempts me sore,

Thro' Jesus I shall safely reach the goal;
He's the "Lily of the Valley," the bright
and morning Star;

He's the fairest of ten thousand to my
soul!

3 He'll never, never leave me, nor yet for-
sake me here,

While I live by faith, and do His blessed
will;

A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now
to fear:

With His manna He my hungry soul
shall fill.

When crown'd at last in glory, I'll see His
blessed face,

Where rivers of delight shall ever roll;
He's the "Lily of the Valley," the bright
and morning Star;

He's the fairest of ten thousand to my
soul!

103.

JESUS, the very tho't of Thee,
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the mem'ry find,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 Oh, hope of every contrite heart!
Oh, joy of all the meek!

To those who fall, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek.

4 And those who find Thee, find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus! our only joy be Thou,
As Thou are prize wilt be;
Jesus! be Thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

104.

LIKE wand'ring sheep o'er mountains
cold,
Since all have gone astray;
To "Life" and peace within the fold,
How may I find the way?

CHO.—||: "I am the way, the truth, and the life;
No man cometh unto the Father but
by Me." :||

2 Bewildered oft with doubt and care,
To God I fain would go;
While many cry "Lo here! Lo there!"
The truth how may I know?

3 To Christ the WAY, the TRUTH, the LIFE,
I come, no more to roam;
He'll guide me to my "Father's house,"
To my Eternal home.

105.

HAVE faith in God; what can there be;
For Him too hard to do for thee?
He gave His Son; now all is free;
Have faith, have faith in God.

2 Have faith thy pardon to believe,
Let God's own word thy fears relieve;
Have faith the Spirit to receive:
Have faith, have faith in God.

- 3 Have faith in God, and trust His might
That He will conquer as you fight,
And give the triumph to the right;
Have faith, have faith in God.
- 4 Have faith in God; press near His side;
Thy troubled soul trust Him to guide;
In life, in death, whate'er betide,
Have faith, have faith in God.

106.

WE shall reach the summer land,
Some sweet day, by and by;
We shall press the golden strand,
Some sweet day, by and by;
Oh, the loved ones watching there,
By the tree of life so fair,
Till we come their joy to share,
Some sweet day, by and by.

REF.—By and by, some sweet day,
We shall meet our lov'd ones gone,
Some sweet day, by and by.

- 2 At the crystal river's brink,
Some sweet day, by and by,
We shall find each broken link,
Some sweet day, by and by;
Then the star that, fading here,
Left our hearts and homes so drear,
We shall see more bright and clear,
Some sweet day, by and by.
- 3 Oh, these parting scenes will end,
Some sweet day, by and by;
We shall gather friend with friend,
Some sweet day, by and by;
There before our Father's throne,
When the mists and clouds have flown,
We shall know as we are known,
Some sweet day, by and by.

107.

MY Jesus, as Thou wilt;
 Oh, may Thy will be mine;
 Into Thy hand of love
 I would my all resign:
 Thro' sorrow or thro' joy,
 Conduct me as Thine own,
 And help me still to say,
 My Lord, Thy will be done.

2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt;
 Tho' seen thro' many a tear,
 Let not my star of hope
 Grow dim or disappear:
 Since Thou on earth hast wept,
 And sorrowed oft alone,
 If I must weep with Thee,
 My Lord, Thy will be done.

3 My Jesus, as Thou wilt;
 All shall be well for me;
 Each changing future scene
 I gladly trust with Thee:
 Straight to my home above
 I travel calmly on,
 And sing, in life or death,—
 My Lord, Thy will be done.

108.

OH, what will you do with Jesus?
 The call comes low and sweet;
 As tenderly He bids you
 Your burdens lay at His feet;
 Oh, soul so sad and weary,
 That sweet voice speaks to Thee;
 Then what will you do with Jesus?
 Oh, what shall the answer be?

REF.—||: What shall the answer be? ||:
 What will you do with Jesus?
 Oh, what shall the answer be?

2 Oh, what will you do with Jesus?
 The call comes loud and clear;
 The solemn words are sounding
 In every listening ear;
 Immortal life's in the question,
 And joy thro' eternity;
 Then what will you do with Jesus?
 Oh, what shall the answer be?

3 Oh, think of the King of Glory,
 From heaven to earth come down,
 His life so pure and holy,
 His death, His cross, His crown;
 Of His divine compassion,
 His sacrifice for thee;
 Then what will you do with Jesus?
 Oh, what shall the answer be?

109.

LAB'RERS of Christ, arise,
 And gird you for the toil;
 The dew of promise from the skies
 Already cheers the soil.

2 Go where the sick recline,
 Where mourning hearts deplore;
 And where the sons of sorrow pine,
 Dispense your hallowed lore.

3 Be faith, which looks above,
 With prayer, your constant guest,
 And wrap the Saviour's changeless love
 A mantle round your breast.

4 So shall you share the wealth
 That earth may ne'er despoil,
 And the blest gospel's saving health
 Repay your arduous toil.

110.

GOD calling yet! shall I not hear?
 Earth's pleasures shall I still hold
 dear?

Shall life's swift passing years all fly,
And still my soul in slumber lie?

CHO.—|| : Calling, oh, hear Him : ||
God is calling yet, oh, hear Him calling,
calling,
|| : Calling, oh, hear Him : ||
God is calling yet, oh, hear Him calling
yet.

2 God calling yet ! shall I not rise ?
Can I His loving voice despise,
And basely His kind care repay ?
He calls me still ; can I delay ?

3 God calling yet ! and shall He knock,
And I my heart the closer lock ?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare His spirit grieve ?

4 God calling yet ! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live ?
I wait, but He does not forsake ;
He calls me still ; my heart, awake !

5 God calling yet ! I cannot stay ;
My heart I yield without delay :
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part ;
The voice of God has reached my heart.

111.

OH cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam ;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Hath not for thee a home.

2 Behold the ark of God !
Behold the open door !
Oh, haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest ;

And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

- 4 Ah, no ! I all forsake,
My all to Thee resign ;
Gracious Redeemer, take, oh take
And seal me ever Thine.

112.

GOD loved a world of sinners,
For them He gave His Son ;
And whosoe'er receives Him,
He saves them, every one ;
He came to bring salvation,
To bear our sins away,
That we with Him in glory
Might live thro' endless day.

CHO.—||: " How shall we escape if we neglect
so great salvation ? :||
neglect so great salvation ? "

- 2 Behold the bleeding Saviour
Upon the cruel tree,—
The Just condemned, forsaken—
He dies for you and me ;
The " Son of God " beloved,
For us a curse was made ;
That we might have redemption,
The awful price He paid.
- 3 God loves the vilest sinner,
But hates the smallest sin ;
Then who shall see His kingdom ?
Or who can enter in ?
" The precious blood of Jesus "—
Let ev'ry creature know—
Can make the " chief of sinners "
Full whiter than the snow.
- 4 Return to God, O wand'rer,
Thy purchased pardon take ;

Thy sins He'll not remember,
 For thy Redeemer's sake ;
 He'll cast them all behind Him,
 Or 'neath the deepest sea,
 And love us ever freely
 Thro'out Eternity.

113.

COME to Jesus ! come away !
 Forsake thy sins,—oh, why delay ?
 His arms are open night and day ;
 He waits to welcome thee !

- 2 Come to Jesus ! all is free ;
 Hark ! how He calls, " Come unto Me
 I cast out none, I'll pardon thee,"
 Oh, thou shalt welcome be !
- 3 Come to Jesus ! cling to Him,
 He'll keep thee free from paths of sin ;
 Thou shalt at last a victory win,
 And He will welcome thee !
- 4 Come to Jesus !—Lord, I come !
 Weary of sin, no more I'd roam,
 But with my Saviour be at home ;
 I know He'll welcome me !

114.

AT the feast of Belshazzar and a thou-
 sand of his lords,
 While they drank from golden vessels, as
 the Book of Truth records—
 In the night, as they revelled in the royal
 palace hall,
 They were seized with consternation,—
 'twas the Hand upon the wall !

CHO.—||: 'Tis the hand of God on the wall !:||
 Shall the record be " Found wanting !"
 Or shall it be " Found trusting !"
 While that hand is writing on the wall ?

- 2 See the brave captive, Daniel, as he stood
before the throng,
And rebuk'd the haughty monarch for his
mighty deeds of wrong;
As he read out the writing—'twas the doom
of one and all,
For the kingdom now was finished—said
the Hand upon the wall!
- 3 See the faith, zeal, and courage, that would
dare to do the right,
Which the Spirit gave to Daniel—this the
secret of his might
In his home in Judea, or a captive in the
hall,
He understood the writing of his God upon
the wall!
- 4 So our deeds are recorded—there's a Hand
that's writing now;
Sinner, give your heart to Jesus—to His
royal mandates bow;
For the day is approaching—it must come
to one and all,
When the sinners' condemnation will be
written on the wall!

115.

- JERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, in thee!
- 2 Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?
- 3 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joy shall see.

116.

THERE'S a royal banner given for display

To the soldiers of the King ;
As an ensign fair we lift it up to-day,
While as ransomed ones we sing.

CHO.—Marching on ! Marching on !

For Christ count ev'rything but loss ;
And to crown Him King, toil and
sing,

'Neath the banner of the cross.

Tho' the foe may rage and gather as the
flood,

Let the standard be displayed ;
And beneath its folds, as soldiers of the
Lord,

For the truth be not dismayed !

Over land and sea, wherever man may
dwell,

Make the glorious tidings known ;
Of the crimson banner now the story tell,
While the Lord shall claim His own !

When the glory dawns—'tis dawning very
near—

It is hast'ning day by day—
Then before our King the foe shall disap-
pear,

And the Cross the world shall sway.

117.

I WAS once far away from the Saviour,
And as vile as a sinner could be ;
And I wonder'd if Christ the Redeemer
Could save a poor sinner like me.

I wandered on in the darkness,
Not a ray of light could I see ;
And the tho't filled my heart with sadness,
There's no hope for a sinner like me.

- 3 And then, in that dark lonely hour,
A voice sweetly whispered to me,
Saying, Christ the Redeemer has power
To save a poor sinner like me.
- 4 I listened : and lo ! 'twas the Saviour
That was speaking so kindly to me ;
I cried, " I'm the chief of sinners,
Thou canst save a poor sinner like me !"
- 5 I then fully trusted in Jesus ;
And oh, what a joy came to me !
My heart was filled with His praises,
For saving a sinner like me.
- 6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me ;
And now unto others I'm telling
How He saved a poor sinner like me.
- 7 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see,
I'll praise Him forever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

118.

- THERE is a calm beyond life's fitful
fever,
A deep repose, an everlasting rest ;
Where white-robed angels welcome the
believer,
Among the blest, among the blest.
There is a home, where all the soul's deep
yearnings,
And silent prayers shall be at last
fulfilled ;
Where strife and sorrow, murm'rings and
heart burnings
At last are stilled, at last are stilled.
- 2 There is a Hope, to which the Christian,
clinging ;
Is lifted high above life's surging wave ;

Finds life in death, and fadeless flowers
springing
From the dark grave, from the dark
grave.

There is a crown prepared for those who
love Him ;

The Christian sees it in the distance
shine,

Like a bright beacon glittering above him,
And whispers, " Mine ! " and whispers,
" Mine ! "

3 There is a spotless robe of Christ's own
weaving ;

Will you not wrap it round your sin-
stained soul ?

Poor wand'ring child, upon thy past life
grieving,

Christ makes thee whole ! Christ makes
thee whole !

There is a Home, a Harp, a Crown in
Heaven ;—

Alas ! that any should Thy gift refuse !—

The awful choice of life and death is
given—

Which wilt thou choose ? which wilt thou
choose ?

119.

THERE is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God ;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding thro',
And wat'ring our divine abode.

2 That sacred stream, Thy holy Word,
Supports our faith, our fears controls :
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

- 3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar ;
 In sacred peace our souls abide,
 While ev'ry nation, ev'ry shore,
 Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

120.

A GUILTY soul, by Pharisees of old,
 Was brought accused, alone,
 But Jesus said, " Let him without a sin,
 Be first to cast a stone."

CHO.—" There is none righteous, no, not one,
 All, all have sinned,"
 There is none righteous, for all have
 sinned, and come short of the
 glory, the glory of God,
 ||: Come short of the glory,: ||
 of the glory of God.

- 2 A learned Master, Ruler of the Jews,
 God's kingdom could not gain,
 With all the lore and culture of the age,
 He " must be born again."
- 3 " Good Master," pray can aught be lacking
 yet?
 Thy laws I do obey ;
 " Go sell and *give*, then come and follow
 me,"
 But sad he turned away.

121.

JESUS bids us shine with a clear, pure
 light,
 Like a little candle burning in the night ;
 In the world is darkness ; so we must
 shine,
 You in your corner and I in mine.

- 2 Jesus bids us shine first of all for Him,
 Well He sees and knows it if our light is
 dim ;

He looks down from heaven, He sees us
shine,

You in your corner and I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine then for all around,
Many kinds of darkness in the world are
found;

Sin and want and sorrow; so we must
shine,

You in your corner and I in mine.

22.

WHOEVER receiveth the Crucified
One,

Whoever believeth on God's only Son,
A free and a perfect salvation shall have:
For He is abundantly able to save.

HO.—My brother, the Master is calling for
thee;

His grace and His mercy are won-
drously free;

His blood as a ransom for sinners He
gave,

And He is abundantly able to save.

Whoever receiveth the message of God,
And trusts in the power of the soul-cleans-
ing blood,

A full and eternal redemption shall have:
For He is both able and willing to save.

Whoever repents and forsakes ev'ry sin,
And opens his heart for the Lord to come
in,

A present and perfect salvation shall have:
For Jesus is ready this moment to save.

23.

COME, come to Jesus!
He waits to welcome thee,

O wand'rer, eagerly
Come, come to Jesus!

2 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to ransom thee,
O slave! so willingly,
Come, come to Jesus!

3 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to lighten thee,
O burdened! trustingly;
Come, come to Jesus!

4 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to give to thee,
O blind! a vision free;
Come, come to Jesus!

5 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to shelter thee,
O weary! blessedly
Come, come to Jesus!

6 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to carry thee,
O lamb! so lovingly,
Come, come to Jesus!

124.

SITTING by the gateway of a palace
fair,

Once a child of God was left to die;
By the world neglected, wealth would
nothing share;

See the change awaiting there on high,

CHO.—Carried by the angels to the land of
rest,

Music sweetly sounding thro' the
skies;

Welcomed by the Saviour to the hea-
v'nly feast,

Gathered with the loved in Paradise.

2 What shall be the ending of this life of care?

Oft the question cometh to us all;
Here upon the pathway hard the burdens bear,
And the burning tears of sorrow fall.

3 Follower of Jesus, scanty tho' thy store,
Treasures, precious treasures wait on high;

Count the trials joyful, soon they'll all be o'er;

Of the change that's coming bye and bye.

4 Upward, then, and onward! onward for the Lord;

Time and talent all in His employ;
Small may seem the service, sure the great reward;

Here the cross, but there the crown of joy.

125.

O CHRISTIAN trav'ller, fear no more
The storms which round thee spread;
Nor yet the noontide's sultry beams
On thy defenceless head.

CHO.—||: "Fear thou not, for I am with thee:
Be not dismayed, for I am thy God." :||

2 Thy Saviour who upon the cross
Thy full redemption paid,
Will not from thee, His ransomed one,
Withhold His promised aid.

3 A safe retreat and hiding place
Thy Saviour will provide;
And sorrow cannot fill thy heart,
While sheltered at His side.

4 No; in thy darkest days on earth,
When every joy seems flown,

Believer, thou shalt never tread
The toilsome way alone.

126.

HAVE our hearts grown cold since the
days of old?

Have we left our soul's "first love"?
Neither cold nor hot, God commends us not,
Nor our luke-warm ways approve.

CHO.—Repent ye, repent ye, repent ye!
'Tis the call of God to every land;
Repent ye, repent ye, repent ye!
For the kingdom of heaven is at
hand.

2 Has the God above our supreme true love?
Have we bowed to Him alway?

Do we own His claim and revere His name,
And observe His holy day?

3 Do we honor those who have soothed our
woes?

Have we rendered good for ill?
Are we pure in heart, doing *all* our part
To fulfil the Saviour's will?

4 Are we always true in the thing we do,
In our works, our words, our ways?
Are we quite content with the blessings
sent,
Giving God alone the praise?

5 Dare a mortal say—for a single day—
"I have kept Thy law, O God!
Undeiled by sin, I am pure within,
And I need no cleansing blood?"

127.

CLING to the Bible, though all else be
taken;

Lose not its promises precious and sure;

Souls that are sleeping its echoes awaken,
 Drink from the fountain, so peaceful, so
 pure.

CHO.—||: Cling to the Bible! :|| Cling to the
 Bible!
 Our Lamp and Guide.

2 Cling to the Bible, this jewel, this treasure
 Brings to us honor and saves fallen man;
 Pearl whose great value no mortal can
 measure,

Seek and secure it, O soul, while you can.

3 Lamp for the feet that in by-ways have
 wander'd,
 Guide for the youth that would otherwise
 fall;

Hope for the sinner whose best days are
 squander'd,

Staff for the aged, and best book of all.

128.

HARK, hark! my soul! angelic songs
 are swelling

O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-
 beat shore;

How sweet the truth those blessed strains
 are telling

Of that new life when sin shall be no
 more.

CHO.—Angels, sing on! your faithful watches
 keeping;

Sing us sweet fragments of the songs
 above,

Till morning's joy shall end the night
 of weeping,

And life's long shadows break in
 cloudless love.

- 2 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and
 sea ;
 And laden souls by thousands meekly
 stealing,
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps
 to Thee.
- 3 Onward we go, for still we hear them sing-
 ing,
 " Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you
 come ;"
 And thro' the dark, its echoes sweetly ring-
 ing,
 The music of the Gospel leads us home.

129.

- G**UIDE me, O, Thou great Jehovah,
 Pilgrim thro' this barren land ;
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty ;
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand :
 Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven,
 Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing waters flow ;
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey thro' :
 Strong Deliverer, Strong Deliverer,
 Be Thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside ;
 Bear me through the swelling current,
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :
 Songs of praises, Songs of praises,
 I will ever give to Thee.

130.

- W**E bow our knees unto the Father
 Of Christ the Lord of earth and
 heaven,

That riches of His grace and glory
And pow'r for service may be given.

CHO.—We are waiting for the promise of the
Father—

For the Holy Spirit's power ;
O our Father, for Thy Spirit we are
waiting, even now, this very hour.

||: We are waiting for His coming, :||

For the Holy Spirit's power ;
O our Father, for Thy Spirit we are
waiting, even now, this very hour.

2 O fill the inward man with power,
As Christ within our hearts doth dwell ;
Our root in Him, tho' storms may lower,
Victorious love we still shall tell.

3 The love that passeth knowledge give us,
Its height and depth and breadth and
length ;
Abundantly beyond our asking,
Beyond our thought give us Thy strength.

4 Thy pow'r it is that worketh in us,
O multiply it here to-day,
And Christ, our Lord, shall have the glory
Within His church through endless day.

131.

COME, praise the Lord, exalt His name,
Our Saviour and our King ;
'Tis meet we should His praise proclaim,
And hallelujah sing.

2 How great, how precious is His name,
How poor the praise we bring ;
His people still should own His claim,
And hallelujah sing.

3 A day will come, its dawn we greet,
When heaven itself shall ring,

And all the saints with joy shall meet,
And hallelujah sing.

132.

SOMETIMES I catch sweet glimpses of
His face, But that is all;
Sometimes He looks on me and seems to
smile, But that is all;
Sometimes He speaks a passing word of
peace, But that is all;
Sometimes I think I hear His loving voice
Upon me call.

2 And is this all He meant when first He
said, "Come unto me"?

Is there no deeper, more enduring rest In
Him for thee?

Is there no steadier light for thee in Him?
O come and see;

Is there no deeper, more enduring rest In
Him for thee?

3 Nay, do not wrong Him by thy heavy
thoughts, But love His love;

Do thou full justice to His tenderness, His
mercy prove;

Take Him for what He is, O take Him all,
And look above;

And do not wrong Him by thy heavy
thoughts, But love His love.

4 Christ and His love shall be thy blessed all
For evermore;

Christ and His light shall shine on all thy
ways For evermore;

Christ and His peace shall keep thy
troubled soul For evermore;

Christ and His love shall be thy blessed all
For evermore.

133.

CHRISTIAN, walk *carefully*, danger is near ;

On in thy journey with trembling and fear.
Snares from without and temptations within.

Seek to entice thee once more into sin.

CHO.—||: Christian, walk *carefully*, :||
Christian, walk *carefully*,
danger is near. .

2 Christian, walk *cheerfully*, thro' the fierce storm,

Dark tho' the sky with its threat of alarm.
Soon will the clouds and the tempest be o'er,
Than with thy Saviour thou'lt rest evermore.

||: Christian, walk *cheerfully*, :||
Christian, walk *cheerfully*
through the fierce storm.

3 Christian, walk *pray'rfully*, oft wilt thou fall

If thou forget on thy Saviour to call ;
Safe thou shall walk thro' each trial and care,

If thou art clad in the armor of pray'r.

||: Christian, walk *pray'rfully*, :||
Christian, walk *pray'rfully*,
fear lest thou fall.

4 Christian, walk *hopefully*, sorrow and pain
Cease when the haven of rest thou shalt gain ;

Then from the lips of the Judge, thy reward :

“ Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

||: Christian, walk *hopefully*, :||
Christian, walk *hopefully*,
rest thou shalt gain.

134.

HE holds the key of all unknown,
 And I am glad;
 If other hands should hold the key,
 Or, if He trusted it to me,
 I might be sad, I might be sad.

2 What if to-morrow's cares were here
 Without its rest?

I'd rather He unlocked the day,
 And as the hours swing open, say,
 "My will is best," "My will is best."

3 The very dimness of my sight
 Makes me secure;

For, groping in my misty way,
 I feel His hand; I hear Him say,
 "My help is sure," "My help is sure."

4 I cannot read His future plans,
 But this I know:

I have the smiling of His face,
 And all the refuge of His grace,
 While here below, while here below.

5 Enough; this covers all my wants,
 And so I rest;

For, what I cannot, He can see,
 And, in His care I safe shall be,
 Forever blest, forever blest.

135.

THE cross it standeth fast,
 Hallelujah! hallelujah!
 Defying ev'ry blast,
 Hallelujah! hallelujah!
 The winds of hell have blown,
 The world its hate hath shown,
 Yet it is not overthrown,
 Hallelujah for the cross!

CHO.—||: Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah for
the cross,
Hallelujah, hallelujah, it shall never
suffer loss.:||

2 It is the old cross still,
Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
Its triumph let us tell,
Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
The grace of God here shone,
Through Christ the blessed Son,
Who did for sin atone,
Hallelujah for the cross !

3 'Twas here the debt was paid,
Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
Our sins on Jesus laid,
Hallelujah ! hallelujah !
So round the cross we sing,
Of Christ our offering,
Of Christ our living King,
Hallelujah for the cross !

136.

YOU'RE starting, my boy, on life's
journey,
Along the grand highway of life ;
You'll meet with a thousand temptations—
Each city with evil is rife.
This world is a stage of excitement,
There is danger wherever you go ;
But if you are tempted in weakness,
Have courage, my boy, to say No !

CHO.—||: Have courage, my boy, to say No !: ||
||: Have courage, my boy, :||
Have courage, my boy, to say No !

2 In courage alone lies your safety,
When you the long journey begin ;

Your trust in a heavenly Father
 Will keep you unspotted from sin.
 Temptations will go on increasing,
 As streams from a rivulet flow ;
 But if you'd be true to your manhood,
 Have courage, my boy, to say No !

- 3 Be careful in choosing companions,
 Seek only the brave and the true ;
 And stand by your friends when in trial,
 Ne'er changing the old for the new ;
 And when by false friends you are tempted
 The taste of the wine cup to know,
 With firmness, with patience and kindness,
 Have courage, my boy, to say No !

137.

CHOOSE I must, and soon must choose
 Holiness, or heaven lose ;
 While what heaven loves I hate,
 Shut for me is heaven's gate.

- 2 Endless sin means endless woe ;
 Into endless sin I go,
 If my soul from reason rent,
 Takes from sin its final bent.
- 3 As the stream its channel grooves,
 And within that channel moves,
 So doth habit's deepest tide
 Groove its bed, and there abide.
- 4 Light obeyed increaseth light,
 Light resisted bringeth night ;
 Who shall give me will to choose,
 If the love of light I lose ?
- 5 Speed, my soul ; this instant yield ;
 Let the Light its sceptre wield ;
 While thy God prolongeth grace,
 Haste thee toward His holy face !

138.

SOME day we say, and turn our eyes
 Toward the fair hills of Paradise;
 Some day, some time, a sweet new rest
 Shall blossom, flower-like, in each breast;
 ||: Some day, some time, our eyes shall see
 The faces kept in memory : ||
 Some day their hands shall clasp our hand,
 ||: Just over in the morning land ; : ||
 Some day their hands shall clasp our hand,
 Just over in the morning land;
 O morning land ! O morning land !

2 Some day our ears shall hear the song
 Of triumph over sin and wrong ;
 Some day, some time, but oh ! not yet ;
 But we will wait and not forget,
 ||: That some day all these things shall be,
 And rest be giv'n to you and me ; : ||
 So wait, my friends, tho' years move slow,
 ||: That happy time will come, we know ; : ||
 So wait, my friends, tho' years move slow,
 That happy time will come, we know,
 O morning land ! O morning land !

139.

COME to the Saviour, hear His loving
 voice,

Never will you find a Friend so true ;
 Now He is waiting, trust Him and rejoice,
 Tenderly He calleth you.

CHO.—O, what a Saviour standing at the door,
 Haste while He lingers, pardon now
 implore ;
 Still He is waiting, grieve His love no
 more,
 Tenderly He calleth you.

2 Blest words of comfort, gently now they
 fall,
 Jesus is the life, the truth, the way ;

Come to the fountain, there is room for all,
Jesus bids you come to-day.

- 3 Softly the Spirit whispers in the heart,
Do not slight the Saviour's offered grace;
Gladly receive Him, let Him not depart,
Happy they who seek His face.
- 4 Light in the darkness, joy in any pain,
Refuge for the weary and oppressed;
Still He is waiting, calling yet again,
Come and He will give you rest.

140.

O GOLDEN day, O day of God,
When sinless souls the garden trod!
In bliss supreme, 'neath sunny skies,
In Eden fair, in Paradise.

CHO.—O Paradise, sweet Paradise,
From scenes of earth we long to rise;
O Paradise, bright Paradise,
Where Jesus reigns beyond the skies.

- 2 The fatal fall, the sin, the shame,
The death, the doom, the sword aflame,
The curse, the crime beyond disguise,
The earth no more is Paradise.
- 3 The beaded brow, the silvered hair,
The aching heart, the vacant chair,
The grassy graves, the broken ties,
Are not the scenes of Paradise.
- 4 To Christ the Lord upon the tree,
A sinner cries:—"Remember me!"
"To-day shalt thou," the Lord replies,
"Be with Me there in Paradise."
- 5 O golden day when Christ descends,
The curse removes and sorrow ends;
All glory clad, the ransomed rise
To reign with Him in Paradise.

141.

I WILL sing the wond'rous story,
Of the Christ who died for me,
How He left His home in glory,
For the cross on Calvary.

CHO.—Yes, I'll sing the wondrous story
Of the Christ who died for me,
Sing it with the saints in glory,
Gathered by the crystal sea.

2 I was lost, but Jesus found me,
Found the sheep that went astray;
Threw His loving arms around me,
Drew me back into His way.

3 I was bruised, but Jesus healed me,
Faint was I from many a fall,
Sight was gone, and fears possessed me,
But He freed me from them all.

4 Days of darkness still come o'er me,
Sorrow's paths I often tread,
But the Saviour still is with me,
By His hand I'm safely led.

5 He will keep me till the river
Rolls its waters at my feet;
Then He'll bear me safely over,
Where the loved ones I shall meet.

142.

A WAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's
praise;

He justly claims a song from me,
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!
Loving-kindness, loving-kindness,
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;

He saved me from my lost estate,
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!
Loving-kindness, loving-kindness,
His loving-kindness, oh, how great!

3 Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!
Loving-kindness, loving-kindness,
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!
Loving-kindness, loving-kindness,
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!

143.

WELL, wife, I've found the model
church,

And worship'd there to-day;
It made me think of good old times,
Before my hair was gray;
The meeting-house was finer built,
Than they were years ago,
But then I found when I went in,
It was not built for show.

2 The sexton did not set me down,
Away back by the door;
He knew that I was old and deaf,
And saw that I was poor;
He must have been a Christian man,
He led me boldly through
The crowded aisle of that grand church,
To find a pleasant pew.

3 I wish you'd heard the singing, wife,
It had the old-time ring;

The preacher said with trumpet voice,
 Let all the people sing:
 "Old Coronation," was the tune;
 The music upward roll'd,
 Until I tho't the angel-choir
 Struck all their harps of gold.

4 My deafness seemed to melt away,
 My spirit caught the fire;
 I joined my feeble, trembling voice
 With that melodious choir;
 And sang as in my youthful days,
 "Let angels prostrate fall;
 ¶:Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown Him Lord of all.:¶

5 I tell you, wife, it did me good
 To sing that hymn once more;
 I felt like some wrecked mariner
 Who gets a glimpse of shore;
 I almost want to lay aside
 This weather-beaten form,
 And anchor in the blessed port,
 Forever from the storm.

6 'Twas not a flowery sermon, wife,
 But simple gospel truth;
 It fitted humble men like me;
 It suited hopeful youth;
 To win immortal souls to Christ,
 The earnest preacher tried;
 He talked not of himself, or creed,
 But Jesus crucified.

7 Dear wife, the toil will soon be o'er,
 The victory soon be won;
 The shining land is just ahead,
 Our race is nearly run:
 We're nearing Canaan's happy shore,
 Our home so bright and fair;

Thank God, we'll never sin again;
 "||:There'll be no sorrow there,:||
 In heav'n above, Where all is love,
 There'll be no sorrow there."

144.

THE Spirit and the bride say, "Come!
 And take the water of life!"
 O blessed call! Good news to all
 Who tire of sin and strife.

CHO.—||:The Spirit says, "Come!"
 The bride says, "Come!"
 And take of the water of life freely.:||

2 Let ev'ry one who hears, say "Come!
 And joyful witness give;"
 I heard the sound, The stream I found,
 I drank, and now I live!

3 Ye souls who are athirst, forsake
 Your broken cisterns first;
 Then come, partake, One draught will slake
 Your soul's consuming thirst.

4 Yea, whosoever will may come,
 Your longings Christ can fill;
 The stream is free To you and me,
 And whosoever will.

145.

WHILE Jesus whispers to you,
 Come, sinner, come!
 While we are praying for you,
 Come, sinner, come!
 Now is the time to own Him,
 Come, sinner, come!
 Now is the time to know Him,
 Come, sinner, come!

2 Are you too heavy laden ?

Come, sinner, come !

Jesus will bear your burden,

Come, sinner, come !

Jesus will not deceive you,

Come, sinner, come !

Jesus can now redeem you,

Come, sinner, come !

3 Oh, hear His tender pleading,

Come, sinner, come !

Come and receive the blessing,

Come, sinner, come !

While Jesus whispers to you,

Come, sinner, come !

While we are praying for you,

Come, sinner, come !

146.

WHEN the mists have rolled in splendor

From the beauty of the hills,

And the sunlight falls in gladness,

On the river and the rills,

We re-call our Father's promise

In the rainbow of the spray :

We shall know each other better

When the mists have rolled away.

CHÓ.—We shall know as we are known,

Never more to walk alone,

In the dawning of the morning

Of that bright and happy day :

We shall know each other better,

When the mists have rolled away.

2 Oft we tread the path before us

With a weary burden'd heart ;

Oft we toil amid the shadows,

And our fields are far apart :

But the Saviour's "Come, ye blessed,"
 All our labor will repay,
 When we gather in the morning
 Where the mists have rolled away.

- 3 We shall come with joy and gladness,
 We shall gather round the throne;
 Face to face with those that love us,
 We shall know as we are known:
 And the song of our redemption,
 Shall resound thro' endless day,
 When the shadows have departed,
 And the mists have rolled away.

147.

SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear name we
 raise
 With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
 Once more we bless Thee ere our worship
 cease,
 Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of
 peace.

- 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward
 way;
 With Thee begun, with Thee shall end the
 day;
 Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts
 from shame,
 That in this house have called upon Thy
 name.
- 3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the coming
 night,
 Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
 From harm and danger keep Thy children
 free,
 For dark and light are both alike to Thee.
- 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly
 life,

Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,

Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

148.

DOWN in the valley with my Saviour I
would go,
Where the flow'rs are blooming and the
sweet waters flow;
Ev'rywhere He leads me I would follow,
follow on,
Walking in His footsteps till the crown be
won.

REF.—Follow! follow! I would follow
Jesus!

Anywhere, ev'rywhere, I would follow
on!

Follow! follow! I would follow
Jesus!

Ev'rywhere, He leads me I would
follow on!

Down in the valley with my Saviour I
would go,

Where the storms are sweeping and the
dark waters flow;

With His hand to lead me I will never,
never fear,

Dangers cannot fright me if my Lord is
near.

Down in the valley, or up on the mountain
steep,

Close beside my Saviour would my soul
ever keep;

He will lead me safely, in the path that He
has trod,

Up to where they gather on the hills of
God.

149.

JESUS knows thy sorrow,
 Knows thine ev'ry care;
 Knows thy deep contrition,
 Hears thy feeblest prayer;
 Do not fear to trust Him—
 Tell Him all thy grief;
 Cast on Him thy burden,
 He will bring relief.

2 Trust the heart of Jesus,
 Thou art precious there;
 Surely He would shield thee
 From the tempter's snare;
 Safely He would lead thee
 By His own sweet way,
 Out into the glory
 Of a brighter day.

3 Jesus knows thy conflict,
 Hears thy burdened sigh;
 When thy heart is wounded,
 Hears the plaintive cry;
 He thy soul will strengthen,
 Overcome thy fears;
 He will send thee comfort,
 Wipe away thy tears.

150.

GATHER them in! for yet there is room
 At the feast that the King has spread;
 Oh, gather them in! let His house be
 filled,
 And the hungry and poor be fed.

REF.—Out in the highway, out in the byway,
 Out in the dark paths of sin,
 Go forth, go forth, with a loving heart
 And gather the wand'ers in!

- 2 Gather them in ! for yet there is room ;
 But our hearts—how they throb with
 pain,
 To think of the many who slight the call
 That may never be heard again !
- 3 Gather them in ! for yet there is room ;
 'Tis a message from God above ;
 Oh, gather them into the fold of grace,
 And the arms of the Saviour's love !

151.

- COME, we that love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known,
 ||:Join in a song with sweet accord,:||
 ||:And thus surround the throne.:||
- CHO.—We're marching to Zion,
 Beautiful, beautiful Zion ;
 We're marching upward to Zion,
 The beautiful city of God.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing
 Who never knew our God ;
 ||:But children'of the heav'nly King,:||
 ||:May speak their joys abroad.:||
- 3 The hill of Zion yields
 A thousand sacred sweets,
 ||:Before we reach the heav'nly fields,:||
 ||:Or walk the golden streets.:||
- 4 Then let our songs abound,
 And ev'ry tear be dry ;
 ||:We're marching thro' Immanuel's
 ground,:||
 ||:To fairer worlds on high.:||

152.

- HAVE you any room for Jesus,
 He who bore your load of sin ;
 As He knocks and asks admission,
 Sinner will you let Him in ?

CHO.—Room for Jesus, King of glory,
 Hasten now His word obey,
 Swing the heart's door widely open,
 Bid Him enter while you may.

2 Room for pleasure, room for business,
 But for Christ the crucified;
 Not a place that He can enter,
 In your heart for which He died?

3 Have you any room for Jesus,
 As in grace He calls again?
 O to-day is time accepted,
 To-morrow you may call in vain.

4 Room and time now give to Jesus,
 Soon will pass God's day of grace;
 Soon thy heart left cold and silent,
 And thy Saviour's pleading cease.

153.

“**A**LMOST persuaded,” Now to believe;
 “Almost persuaded,” Christ to receive;

Seems now some soul to say,
 “Go, Spirit, go Thy way,
 Some more convenient day
 On Thee I'll call.”

2 “Almost persuaded,” Come, come to-day;
 “Almost persuaded,” Turn not away:
 Jesus invites you here,
 Angels are lingering near,
 Prayers rise from hearts so dear:
 “O wanderer, come.”

3 “Almost persuaded,” Harvest is past!
 “Almost persuaded,” Doom comes at last
 “Almost” cannot avail;
 “Almost” is but to fail!
 Sad, sad, that bitter wail—
 “Almost—but lost!”

154.

- T**HERE were ninety and nine that safely
 lay
 In the shelter of the fold,
 But one was out on the hills away,
 Far off from the gates of gold—
 Away on the mountains wild and bare,
 ||: Away from the tender Shepherd's care.:||
- 2 "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine:
 Are they not enough for Thee?"
 But the Shepherd made answer: "This
 of mine
 Has wandered away from me,
 And, although the road be rough and steep
 ||: I go to the desert to find my sheep.:||
- 3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
 How deep were the waters cross'd;
 Nor how dark was the night that the Lord
 pass'd thro'
 Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
 Out in the desert He heard its cry—
 ||: Sick and helpless, and ready to die.:||
- 4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all
 the way
 That mark out the mountain's track?"
 "They were shed for one who had gone
 astray
 Ere the Shepherd could bring him back,"
 "Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and
 torn?"
 ||: They are pierced to-night by many a
 thorn.:||
- 5 But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,
 And up from the rocky steep,
 There rose a glad cry to the gate of heaven,
 "Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"

And the angels echoed around the throne,
 ||: "Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His
 own!" :||

155.

REVIVE Thy work, O Lord !
 Thy mighty arm make bare ;
 Speak with the voice that wakes the dead,
 And make Thy people hear.

CHO.—Revive (Thy work) ! revive (Thy
 work) !

And give refreshing showers ;
 The glory shall be all Thine own ;
 The blessing shall be ours.

2 Revive Thy work, O Lord !
 Disturb this sleep of death ;
 Quicken the smould'ring embers now
 By Thine Almighty breath.

3 Revive Thy work, O Lord !
 Create soul-thirst for Thee ;
 But hung'ring for the bread of life,
 Oh, may our spirits be !

4 Revive Thy work, O Lord !
 Exalt Thy precious name ;
 And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
 For Thee and Thine inflame.

156.

I AM Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy
 voice,
 And it told Thy love to me ;
 But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
 And be closer drawn to Thee.

REF.—Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
 To the cross where Thou hast died ;
 Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, bles-
 sed Lord,
 To Thy precious, bleeding side.

Consecrate me now to Thy service, Lord,
By the pow'r of grace divine ;
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope,
And my will be lost in Thine.

O the pure delight of a single hour
That before Thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee,
my God,
I commune as friend with friend.

There are depths of love that I cannot
know
Till I cross the narrow sea,
There are heights of joy that I may not
reach
Till I rest in peace with Thee.

57.

WHEN peace, like a river, attendeth
my way,
When sorrows like sea-billows roll ;
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to
say,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

HO.—It is well with my soul,
It is well, it is well with my soul.

Though Satan should buffet, though trials
should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless
estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my
soul.

My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious
thought—
My sin—not in part but the whole,

Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my
soul!

4 And, Lord, haste the day when the faith-
shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall resound, and the Lord
shall descend,
“Even so”—it is well with my soul.

158.

O SAFE to the Rock that is higher than I,
My soul in its conflicts and sorrows
would fly;
So sinful, so weary, Thine, Thine would I
be;
Thou blest “Rock of Ages,” I’m hiding
in Thee.

CHO.—Hiding in Thee, hiding in Thee,
Thou blest “Rock of Ages,”
I’m hiding in Thee.

2 In the calm of the noontide, in sorrow’s
lone hour,
In times when temptation casts o’er me its
power;
In the tempests of life, on its wide, heav-
ing sea,
Thou blest “Rock of Ages,” I’m hiding in
Thee.

3 How oft in the conflict, when pressed by
the foe,
I have fled to my Refuge and breathed out
my woe;
How often when trials, like sea-billows
roll,
Have I hidden in Thee, O Thou Rock of
my soul.

159.

OH, where are the reapers that garner in
The sheaves of the good from the fields
of sin;
With sickles of truth must the work be
done,
And no one may rest till the "harvest
home."

CHO.—Where are the reapers? Oh, who will
come
And share in the glory of the "har-
vest home?"
Oh, who will help us to garner in
The sheaves of good from the fields of
sin.

2 Go out in the by-ways and search them all;
The wheat may be there, though the weeds
are tall;
Then search in the highway, and pass none
by,
But gather from all for the home on high.
3 The fields all are ripening, and far and
wide
The world now is waiting the harvest tide;
But reapers are few, and the work is great,
And much will be lost should the harvest
wait.

So come with your sickles, ye sons of men,
And gather together the golden grain;
Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come,
Then share ye His joy in the "harvest
home."

60.

TO the work! to the work! we are ser-
vants of God,
Let us follow the path that our Master has
trod;

With the balm of His counsel our strength
to renew,
Let us do with our might what our hands
find to do.

CHO.—||: Toiling on, toiling on,:||
Let us hope, let us watch,
And labor till the Master comes.

2 To the work! to the work! let the hungry
be fed;
To the fountain of life let the weary be led;
In the cross and its banner our glory shall
be,
While we herald the tidings, "*Salvation is
free!*"

3 To the work! to the work! there is labor
for all,
For the kingdom of darkness and error
shall fall;
And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be
In the loud swelling chorus, "*Salvation is
free!*"

4 To the work! to the work! in the strength
of the Lord,
And a robe and a crown shall our labor re-
ward;
When the home of the faithful our dwell-
ing shall be,
And we shout with the ransomed, "*Salva-
tion is free!*"

161.

I WILL sing of my Redeemer
And His wondrous love to me;
On the cruel cross He suffered,
From the curse to set me free.

CHO.—Sing, oh! sing, of my Redeemer,
 With His blood He purchased me,
 On the cross He sealed my pardon,
 Paid the debt, and made me free.

2 I will tell the wondrous story,
 How my lost estate to save,
 In His boundless love and mercy,
 He the ransom freely gave.

3 I will praise my dear Redeemer,
 His triumphant power I'll tell,
 How the victory He giveth
 Over sin, and death, and hell.

4 I will sing of my Redeemer,
 And His heavenly love to me;
 He from death to life hath brought me,
 Son of God, with Him to be.

162.

THERE are lonely hearts to cherish,
 While the days are going by;
 There are weary souls who perish,
 While the days are going by.
 If a smile we can renew,
 As our journey we pursue,
 Oh, the good we all may do,
 While the days are going by.

REF.—Going by, going by,
 Going by, going by,
 Oh, the good we all may do,
 While the days are going by.

2 There's no time for idle scorning,
 While the days are going by;
 Let your face be like the morning,
 While the days are going by;
 Oh, the world is full of sighs,
 Full of sad and weeping eyes;

Help your fallen brother rise,
While the days are going by.

- 3 All the loving links that bind us,
While the days are going by ;
One by one we leave behind us,
While the days are going by ;
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow,
While the days are going by.

163.

SING them over again to me,
Wonderful words of Life,
Let me more of their beauty see,
Wonderful words of Life.
Words of life and beauty,
Teach me faith and duty ;
||: Beautiful words, wonderful words,
Wonderful words of Life.:||

- 2 Christ, the blessed One, gives to all
Wonderful words of Life,
Sinner, list to the loving call,
Wonderful words of Life.
All so freely given,
Wooing us to heaven.
||: Beautiful words, wonderful words,
Wonderful words of Life.:||

- 3 Sweetly echo the gospel call,
Wonderful words of Life,
Offer pardon and peace to all,
Wonderful words of Life.
Jesus, only Saviour,
Sanctify forever.
||: Beautiful words, wonderful words,
Wonderful words of Life.:||

164.

BEHOLD, what love, what boundless
love,
The Father hath bestowed
On sinners lost, that we should be
Now called the sons of God!

CHO.—Behold, what manner of love!
What manner of love the Father hath
bestowed upon us,
That we—that we should be call'd,
Should be call'd the sons of God.

2 No longer far from Him, but now
By “precious blood” made nigh;
Accepted in the “Well-beloved,”
Near to God’s heart we lie.

3 What we in glory soon shall be,
It doth not yet appear;
But when our precious Lord we see,
We shall His image bear.

4 With such a blessed hope in view,
We would more holy be,
More like our risen, glorious Lord,
Whose face we soon shall see.

165.

SIMPLY trusting every day,
Trusting through a stormy way;
Even when my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

CHO.—Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by;
Trusting Him whate’er befall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

2 Brightly doth His Spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine;

While He leads I cannot fall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

3 Singing, if my way is clear;
Praying if the path is drear;
If in danger, for Him call;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

4 Trusting Him while life shall last,
Trusting Him till earth is past;
Till within the jasper wall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

166.

YIELD not to temptation
For yielding is sin,
Each vict'ry will help you
Some other to win;
Fight manfully onward,
Dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

CHO.—Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

2 Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain,
God's name hold in rev'rence,
Nor take it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kind-hearted and true,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

3 To him that o'ercometh
God giveth a crown,
Thro' faith we shall conquer
Though often cast down;

He who is our Saviour,
Our strength will renew,
Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.

67.

WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
Oh, what piece we often forfeit,
Oh, what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a Friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our Refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

68.

I'VE found a Friend; oh, such a Friend!
He loved me ere I knew Him;
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him.
And 'round my heart still closely twine
Those ties which naught can sever,

For I am His, and He is mine,
Forever and forever.

- 2 I've found a Friend ; oh, such a Friend
He bled, He died to save me ;
And not alone the gift of life,
But His own self He gave me.
Naught that I have my own I call,
I hold it for the Giver :
My heart, my strength, my life, my all,
Are His, and His forever.
- 3 I've found a Friend ; oh, such a Friend !
All power to Him is given ;
To guard me on my onward course,
And bring me safe to heaven.
Th' eternal glories gleam afar,
To nerve my faint endeavor :
So now to watch, to work, to war,
And then to rest forever.
- 4 I've found a Friend ; oh, such a Friend !
So kind, and true, and tender,
So wise a Counsellor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender !
From Him, who loves me now so well,
What power my soul can sever ?
Shall life or death, or earth or hell ?
No ; I am His forever.

169.

PASS me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry ;
While on others Thou art smiling,
Do not pass me by.

CHO.—Saviour, Saviour,
Hear my humble cry,
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

Let me at a throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief ;
Kneeling there in deep contrition,
Help my unbelief:

Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face ;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

Thou the Spring of all my comfort
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee ?
Whom in heaven but Thee ?

O.
MY Jesus, I love Thee, I know Thou
art mine,
For Thee all the follies of sin I resign ;
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art
Thou,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
I love Thee, because Thou hast first lovèd
me,
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's
tree ;
I love Thee for wearing the thorns on Thy
brow ;
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in
death,
And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest
me breath ;
And say when the death-dew lies cold on
my brow,
If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.
In mansions of glory and endless delight,
I'll ever adore Thee in heaven so bright ;

I'll sing with the glittering crown on my
brow,

If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

171.

COME, ev'ry soul by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And He will surely give you rest,
By trusting in His word.

CHO.—Only trust Him, only trust Him,
Only trust Him, now ;
He will save you, He will save you
He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed His precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow ;
Plunge now into the crimson flood
That washes white as snow.

3 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest ;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

4 Come then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go,
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow.

172.

I HEAR the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small ;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in Me thine all in all.

CHO.—Jesus, paid it all,
All to Him I owe ;
Sin had left a crimson stain ;
He washed it white as snow.

Lord, now indeed I find
 Thy pow'r, and that alone,
 Can change the leper's spots,
 And melt the heart of stone.
 For nothing good have I
 Whereby Thy grace to claim—
 I'll wash my garments white
 In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

When from my dying bed
 My ransomed soul shall rise,
 Then "Jesus paid it all"
 Shall rend the vaulted skies.

And when before the throne
 I stand in Him complete,
 I'll lay my trophies down,
 All down at Jesus' feet.

3.
 I HAVE a Saviour, He's pleading in
 glory,
 A dear, loving Saviour, tho' earth-friends
 be few;
 And now He is watching in tenderness o'er
 me,
 And oh, that my Saviour were your Sa-
 viour too.

HO.—For you I am praying,
 For you I am praying,
 For you I am praying,
 I'm praying for you.

I have a Father: to me He has given
 A hope for eternity, blessed and true:
 And soon will He call me to meet Him in
 heaven,
 But oh, that He'd let me bring you with
 me too

- 3 I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in whiteness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering view
Oh, when I receive it all shining in brightness,
Dear friends, could I see you receiving
one too!
- 4 I have a peace: it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world
never knew;
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver
And oh, could I know it was given
you!
- 5 When Jesus has found you, tell others the
story,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour
too;
Then pray that your Saviour may bring
them to glory,
And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered
for you!

174.

SOUL of mine, in earthly temple,
Why not here content abide?
Why art thou forever pleading?
Why art thou not satisfied?

CHO.—||: I shall be satisfied,
I shall be satisfied,
When I awake in His likeness.:||

- 2 Soul of mine, my heart is clinging
To the earth's fair pomp and pride;
Ah, why dost thou thus reprove me?
Why art thou not satisfied?
- 3 Soul of mine, must I surrender,
See myself as crucified;
Turn from all of earth's ambition,
That thou mayest be satisfied?

Soul of mine, continue pleading ;
 Sin rebuke, and folly chide ;
 I accept the cross of Jesus,
 That thou mayest be satisfied.

75.

SAVIOUR ! Thy dying love
 Thou gavest me,
 Nor should I aught withhold,
 Dear Lord, from Thee ;
 In love my soul would bow,
 My heart fulfill its vow,
 Some offering bring Thee now,
 Something for Thee.

O'er the blest mercy-seat,
 Pleading for me,
 My feeble faith looks up,
 Jesus, to Thee :
 Help me the cross to bear,
 Thy wondrous love declare,
 Some song to raise, or prayer,
 Something for Thee.

Give me a faithful heart—
 Likeness to Thee—
 That each departing day
 Henceforth may see
 Some work of love begun,
 Some deed of kindness done,
 Some wand'rer sought and won,
 Something for Thee.

All that I am and have—
 Thy gifts so free—
 In joy, in grief, through life,
 Dear Lord, for Thee !
 And when Thy face I see,
 My ransomed soul shall be,
 Through all eternity,
 Something for Thee.

176.

RESCUE the perishing,
 Care for the dying,
 Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave
 Weep o'er the erring one,
 Lift up the fallen,
 Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

CHO.—Rescue the perishing,
 Care for the dying;
 Jesus is merciful,
 Jesus will save.

2 Though they are slighting Him,
 Still He is waiting,
 Waiting the penitent child to receive.
 Plead with them earnestly,
 Plead with them gently:
 He will forgive if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart,
 Crushed by the tempter,
 Feelings lie buried that grace can restore:
 Touched by a loving heart,
 Wakened by kindness,
 Chords that were broken will vibrate once
 more.

4 Rescue the perishing,
 Duty demands it;
 Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide:
 Back to the narrow way
 Patiently win them;
 Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

177.

SAVIOUR, more than life to me,
 I am clinging, clinging close to Thee
 Let Thy precious blood applied,
 Keep me ever, ever near Thy side.

REF.—Every day, every hour,
 Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r;
 May Thy tender love to me
 Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to Thee.

2 Thro' this changing world below,
 Lead me gently, gently as I go;
 Trusting Thee, I cannot stray,
 I can never, never lose my way.

3 Let me love Thee more and more,
 Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
 Till my soul is lost in love,
 In a brighter, brighter world above.

178.

MORE holiness give me,
 More strivings within;
 More patience in suffering,
 More sorrow for sin;
 More faith in my Saviour,
 More sense of His care;
 More joy in His service,
 More purpose in prayer.

2 More gratitude give me,
 More trust in the Lord;
 More pride in His glory,
 More hope in His word;
 More tears for His sorrows,
 More pain at His grief;
 More meekness in trial,
 More praise for relief.

3 More purity give me,
 More strength to o'ercome;
 More freedom from earth-stains,
 More longings for home;
 More fit for the kingdom,
 More used would I be;

More blessed and holy,
More, Saviour, *like Thee*.

179.

I HEAR Thy welcome voice
That calls me, Lord, to Thee
For cleansing in Thy precious blood
That flow'd on Calvary.

CHO.—I am coming, Lord !
Coming now to Thee !
Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood
That flow'd on Calvary.

- 2 Tho' coming weak and vile,
Thou dost my strength assure ;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all and pure.
- 3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heav'n above.
- 4 'Tis Jesus who confirms
The blessed work within,
By adding grace to welcomed grace,
Where reigned the power of sin.
- 5 And He the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.
- 6 All hail, atoning blood !
All hail, redeeming grace !
All hail, the Gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness !

180.

'TIS the blessed hour of prayer, when
our hearts lowly bend,

And we gather to Jesus, our Saviour and
Friend;
If we come to Him in faith, His protection
to share,
What a balm for the weary! O how sweet
to be there!

CHO.—||: Blessed hour of pray'r, Blessed hour
of pray'r,
What a balm for the weary! O how
sweet to be there!:||

2 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the
Saviour draws near,
With a tender compassion His children to
hear;
When He tells us we may cast at His feet
every care;
What a balm for the weary! O how sweet
to be there!

3 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the
tempted and tried
To the Saviour who loves them their sor-
row confide;
With a sympathizing heart He removes
ev'ry care;
What a balm for the weary! O how sweet
to be there!

4 At the blessed hour of prayer, trusting Him
to believe
That the blessings we're needing we'll
surely receive,
In the fullness of this trust we shall lose
ev'ry care;
What a balm for the weary! O how sweet
to be there!

181.

I NEED Thee ev'ry hour,
Most gracious Lord ;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.

REF.—I need Thee, oh! I need Thee
Ev'ry hour I need Thee ;
O bless me now, my Saviour!
I come to Thee.

2 I need Thee ev'ry hour ;
Stay Thou near by ;
Temptations lose their pow'r
When Thou art nigh.

3 I need Thee ev'ry hour,
In joy or pain ;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

4 I need Thee ev'ry hour ;
Teach me Thy will ;
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfill.

5 I need Thee ev'ry hour,
Most Holy One ;
Oh, make me Thine indeed,
Thou blessèd Son.

182.

JESUS, keep me near the Cross,
There a precious fountain
Free to all—a healing stream,
Flows from Calvary's mountain

CHO.—In the Cross, in the Cross,
Be my glory ever ;
Till my raptured soul shall find
Rest beyond the river.

2 Near the Cross, a trembling soul,
Love and mercy found me ;
There the Bright and Morning Star
Shed its beams around me.

3 Near the Cross ! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me ;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadows o'er me.

4 Near the Cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

183.

THOU my everlasting portion,
More than friend or life to me,
All along my pilgrim journey,
Saviour, let me walk with Thee.

REF.—Close to Thee, close to Thee,
Close to Thee, close to Thee ;
All along my pilgrim journey,
Saviour, let me walk with Thee.

2 Not for ease or worldly pleasure,
Nor for fame my prayer shall be ;
Gladly will I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with Thee.

REF.—Close to Thee, close to Thee,
Close to Thee, close to Thee ;
Gladly will I toil and suffer,
Only let me walk with Thee.

3 Lead me thro' the vale of shadows,
Bear me o'er life's fitful sea ;
Then the gate of life eternal,
May I enter, Lord, with Thee.

REF.—Close to Thee, close to Thee,
 Close to Thee, close to Thee;
 Then the gate of life eternal,
 May I enter, Lord, with Thee.

184.

I GAVE My life for thee,
 My precious blood I shed,
 That thou might'st ransomed be,
 And quickened from the dead;
 I gave, I gave My life for thee,
 What hast thou given for Me?

2 My Father's house of light,—
 My glory-circled throne
 I left, for earthly night,
 For wand'rings sad and lone;
 I left, I left it all for thee.
 Hast thou left aught for Me?

3 I suffered much for thee,
 More than thy tongue can tell,
 Of bitterest agony,
 To rescue thee from hell;
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
 What hast thou borne for Me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
 Down from My home above,
 Salvation full and free,
 My pardon and My love;
 I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
 What hast thou brought to Me?

185.

THERE is a green hill far away,
 Without a city wall;
 Where the dear Lord was crucified,
 Who died to save us all

- CHO.—Oh dearly, dearly has He loved,
 And we must love Him too;
 And trust in His redeeming blood,
 And try His works to do.
- 2 We may not know, we cannot tell
 What pains He had to bear;
 But we believe it was for us
 He hung and suffered there.
- 3 He died that we might be forgiven,
 He died to make us good,
 That we might go at last to heav'n,
 Saved by His precious blood.
- 4 There was no other good enough,
 To pay the price of sin;
 He only could unlock the gate
 Of heav'n and let us in.

186.

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping,
 I shall be soon, I shall be soon;
 Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
 Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
 I shall be soon, I shall be soon.

REF.—Love, rest and home!
 Sweet, sweet home!
 Lord, tarry not,
 Lord, tarry not, but come.

- 2 Beyond the blooming and the fading,
 I shall be soon, I shall be soon;
 Beyond the shining and the shading,
 Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
 I shall be soon, I shall be soon.
- 3 Beyond the parting and the meeting,
 I shall be soon, I shall be soon;
 Beyond the farewell and the greeting,

Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon, I shall be soon.

- 4 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
I shall be soon, I shall be soon ;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon, I shall be soon.

187.

OH, the clanging bells of Time !
Night and day they never cease ;
We are wearied with their chime,
For they do not bring us peace ;
And we hush our breath to hear,
And we strain our eyes to see
If thy shores are drawing near,—
Eternity ! Eternity !

- 2 Oh, the clanging bells of Time !
How their changes rise and fall,
But in undertone sublime,
Sounding clearly through them all,
Is a voice that must be heard,
As our moments onward flee,
And it speaketh, aye, one word,—
Eternity ! Eternity !

- 3 Oh, the clanging bells of Time !
To their voices, loud and low,
In a long, unresting line,
We are marching to and fro ;
And we yearn for sight or sound,
Of the life that is to be,
For thy breath doth wrap us round,—
Eternity ! Eternity !

- 4 Oh, the clanging bells of Time !
Soon their notes will all be dumb,

And in joy and peace sublime,
 We shall feel the silence come;
 And our souls their thirst will slake,
 And our eyes the King will see,
 When thy glorious morn shall break—
 Eternity! Eternity!

188.

WE shall meet beyond the river,
 By and by, by and by;
 And the darkness shall be over,
 By and by, by and by;
 With the toilsome journey done,
 And the glorious battle won,
 We shall shine forth as the sun,
 By and by, by and by.

2 We shall strike the harps of glory,
 By and by, by and by;
 We shall sing redemption's story,
 By and by, by and by;
 And the strains for evermore
 Shall resound in sweetness o'er
 Yonder everlasting shore,
 By and by, by and by.

3 We shall see and be like Jesus,
 By and by, by and by;
 Who a crown of life will give us,
 By and by, by and by;
 And the angels who fulfill
 All the mandates of His will
 Shall attend, and love us still,
 By and by, by and by.

4 There our tears shall all cease flowing,
 By and by, by and by;
 And with sweetest rapture knowing,
 By and by, by and by;

All the blest ones, who have gone
To the land of life and song,—
We with shoutings shall rejoin,
By and by, by and by.

189.

CHRIST is coming ! let creation
From her groans and travail cease ;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase :

CHO.—Christ is coming ! Christ is coming !
Come, Thou blessed Prince of
peace !
Christ is coming ! Christ is coming !
Come, Thou blessed Prince of
peace !

2 Earth can now but tell the story
Of Thy bitter cross and pain ;
She shall yet behold Thy glory,
When Thou comest back to reign.

3 Though once cradled in a manger,
Oft no pillow but the sod ;
Here an alien and a stranger,
Mock'd of men, disown'd of God.

4 Long Thy exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and Thee ;
But, in heavenly vesture shining,
Soon they shall Thy glory see.

5 With that " blessed hope " before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung ;
Let the mighty ransom'd chorus
Onward roll from tongue to tongue.

190.

JOY to the world ! the Lord is come ;
Let earth receive her King ;

Let ev'ry heart prepare Him room,
And heav'n and nature sing.

2 Joy to the world ! the Saviour reigns ;
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

191.

I AM far frae my hame, an' I'm weary
aften-whiles,
For the langed-for hame-bringin', an' my
Father's welcome smiles,
An' I'll ne'er be fu' content, until mine een
do see

The gowden gates o' heav'n an' my ain
countrie.

The earth is fleck'd wi' flowers, mony-
tinted, fresh an' gay,

The birdies warble blithely, for my Faither
made them sae :

But these sights an' these soun's will as
naething be to me,

When I hear the angels singin' in my ain
countrie.

2 I've His gude word o' promise that some
gladsome day, the King

To His ain royal palace His banished hame
will bring ;

Wi' een an' wi' hert rinnin ower, we shall
see

The King in His beauty, in oor ain coun-
trie.

My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows
 hae been sair,
 But there they'll never vex me, nor be re-
 membered mair
 For His bluid has made me white, and His
 han' shall dry my e'e,
 When He brings me hame at last, to my
 ain countrie.

3 Sae little noo I ken, o' yon blessed, bonnie
 place,
 I only ken it's Hame, whaur we shall see
 His face;
 It wad surely be eneuch for ever mair to be
 In the glory o' His presence, in oor ain
 countrie.
 Like a bairn to his mither, a wee birdie to
 its nest,
 I wad fain be gangin' noo, unto my Sa-
 viour's breast,
 For He gathers in His bosom witless,
 worthless lambs like me,
 An' carries them Himself, to His ain
 countrie.

4 He is faithfu' that hath promised, an' He'll
 surely come again,
 He'll keep His tryst wi' me, at what hour
 I dinna ken;
 But He bids me still to wait, an' ready aye
 to be,
 To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.
 Sae I'm watching aye, an' singin' o' my
 hame as I wait
 For the soun'ing o' His footfa' this side the
 go wden gate:
 God gie His grace to ilka ane wha' listens
 noo to me,
 That we a' may gang in gladness to oor ain
 countrie.

92.

I'VE reached the land of corn and wine,
 And all its riches freely mine;
 Here shines undimm'd one blissful day,
 For all my night has passed away.

CHO.—O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land,
 As on thy highest mount I stand,
 I look away across the sea,
 Where mansions are prepared for me,
 And view the shining glory shore,
 My heav'n, my home for evermore.

The Saviour comes and walks with me,
 And sweet communion here have we;
 He gently leads me with His hand,
 For this is heaven's border-land.

A sweet perfume upon the breeze
 Is borne from ever vernal trees,
 And flowers that never fading grow
 Where streams of life forever flow.

The zephyrs seem to float to me,
 Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
 As angels, with the white robed throng,
 Join in the sweet redemption song.

93.

SOWING in the morning, sowing seeds
 of kindness,
 Sowing in the noontide and the dewy
 eve;
 Waiting for the harvest, and the time of
 reaping,
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the
 sheaves.

CHO.—||: Bringing in the sheaves,
 Bringing in the sheaves,
 We shall come, rejoicing,
 Bringing in the sheaves. :||

- 2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
 Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
 By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
 We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
- 3 Going forth with weeping, sowing for the Master,
 Tho' the loss sustain'd our spirit often grieves;
 When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
 We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

194.

DEPTH of mercy! can it be
 Mercy still reserved for me?
 Can my God His wrath forbear?
 ||: Me, the chief of sinners, spare?:||

- 2 I have long withstood His grace;
 Long provoked Him to His face,
 Would not hearken to His calls,
 ||: Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

- 3 Now incline me to repent;
 Let me now my sins lament;
 Now my foul revolt deplore,
 ||: Look, believe, and sin no more. :||

195.

OUR Lord is now rejected,
 And by the world disowned,
 By the *many* still neglected,
 And by the *few* enthroned;

But soon He'll come in glory,
The hour is drawing nigh,
For the crowning day is coming by and by.

CHO.—Oh, the crowning day is coming,
Is coming by and by,
When our Lord shall come in
“power”
And “glory” from on high.
Oh, the glorious sight will gladden,
Each waiting, watchful eye,
In the crowning day that's coming by
and by.

2 The heavens shall glow with splendor,
But brighter far than they
The saints shall shine in glory,
As Christ shall them array ;
The beauty of the Saviour
Shall dazzle every eye,
In the crowning day that's coming by and
by.

3 Our pain shall then be over,
We'll sin and sigh no more,
Behind us all of sorrow,
And nought but joy before ;
A joy in our Redeemer,
As we to Him are nigh,
In the crowning day that's coming by and
by.

4 Let all that look for, hasten
The coming joyful day,
By earnest consecration,
To walk the narrow way ;
By gathering in the lost ones,
For whom our Lord did die,
For the crowning day that's coming by
and by.

196.

O H, tender and sweet was the Master's
voice

As He lovingly called to me,
"Come over the line, it is only a step—
I am waiting, My child, for thee."

REF.—"Over the line," hear the sweet re-
frain,

Angels are chanting the heavenly
strain:

"Over the line,"—Why should I re-
main

With a step between me and Jesus?

2 But my sins are many, my faith is small,
Lo! the answer came quick and clear;

"Thou needest not trust thyself at all,
Step over the line, I am here."

3 But my flesh is weak, I tearfully said,
And the way I cannot see;

I fear if I try I may sadly fail,
And thus may dishonor Thee.

4 Ah, the world is cold, and I cannot go
back,

Press forward I surely must;
I will place my hand in His wounded palm,
Step over the line, and *trust*.

REF.—"Over the line," hear the sweet re-
frain,

Angels are chanting the heavenly
strain;

"Over the line,"—*I will not* remain,
I'll cross it and go to Jesus.

197.

MORE love to Thee, O Christ!
More love to Thee;

Hear Thou the prayer I make
 On bended knee ;
 This is my earnest plea,
 More love, O Christ, to Thee,
 ||: More love to Thee ! :||

2 Once earthly joy I craved,
 Sought peace and rest ;
 Now Thee alone I seek,
 Give what is best ;
 This all my prayer shall be,
 More love, O Christ, to Thee.
 ||: More love to Thee ! :||

3 Then shall my latest breath,
 Whisper Thy praise,
 This be the parting cry
 My heart shall raise :
 This still its prayer shall be :
 More love, O Christ, to Thee
 ||: More love to Thee ! :||

198.

LIGHT after darkness,
 Gain after loss,
 Strength after weakness
 Crown after Cross ;
 Sweet after bitter,
 Hope after fears,
 Home after wand'ring,
 Praise after tears.

2 Sheaves after sowing,
 Sun after rain,
 Sight after mystery,
 Peace after pain ;
 Joy after sorrow,
 Calm after blast,
 Rest after weariness
 Sweet rest at last.

3 Near after distant,
 Gleam after gloom,
 Love after loneliness,
 Life after tomb;
 After long agony,
 Rapture of bliss,
 Right was the pathway,
 Leading to this.

199.

WHY do you wait, dear brother,
 Oh, why do you tarry so long?
 Your Saviour is waiting to give you
 A place in His sanctified throng.

CHO.—Why not? why not?
 Why not come to Him now?
 Why not? why not?
 Why not come to Him now?

2 What do you hope, dear brother,
 To gain by a further delay?
 There's no one to save you but Jesus,
 There's no other way but His way.

3 Do you not feel, dear brother,
 His Spirit now striving within?
 Oh, why not accept His salvation,
 And throw off thy burden of sin.

4 Why do you wait, dear brother,
 The harvest is passing away,
 Your Saviour is longing to bless you,
 There's danger and death in delay.

200.

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee;
 Let the water and the blood,
 From Thy riven side which flow'd,

Be of sin the double cure,
Save me from its guilt and pow'r.

2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands ;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

201.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall,
||: Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.:||

2 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
||: To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.:||

3 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall ;
||: We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.:||

202.

OFOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise ;

The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim—
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.
- 3 Jesus!—the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

203.

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story,
Gathers round its head sublime.

- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

204.

AM I a soldier of the cross—
A foll'wer of the Lamb,—

And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?

- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd thro' bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

205.

A WAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high,
'Tis His own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 Blest Saviour, introduced by Thee
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at Thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

206.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks
by night,
All seated on the ground,

The angel of the Lord came down,
 ||: And glory shone around.:||

2 "Fear not" said he,—for mighty dread
 Had seized their troubled mind—,
 "Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
 ||: To you and all mankind.:||

3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
 Is born of David's line,
 The Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord,
 ||: And this shall be the sign:—:||

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
 To human view displayed,
 All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
 ||: And in a manger laid." :||

5 Thus spake the seraph—and forthwith
 Appeared a shining throng
 Of angels, praising God, who thus
 ||: Addressed their joyful song:—:||

6 "All glory be to God on high,
 And to the earth be peace;
 Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
 ||: Begin, and never cease!" :||

207.

THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want:
 He makes me down to lie
 In pastures green: He leadeth me
 The quiet waters by.

2 My soul He doth restore again;
 And me to walk doth make
 Within the paths of righteousness,
 E'en for His own name's sake.

3 Yea, tho' I walk in death's dark vale,
 Yet I will fear none ill;
 For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
 And staff me comfort still.

4 My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes ;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me ;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

208.

COME, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!
With all Thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look ! how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys !
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs ;
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,
And Thine to us so great ?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove !
With all Thy quickening powers ;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

209.

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free ?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

-
- 2 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free ;
And then go home my crown to wear.
For there's a crown for me.
- 3 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus piercèd feet.
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And His dear name repeat.
- 4 Oh, precious cross ! oh, glorious crown !
Oh, resurrection day !
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

210.

-
- I** HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest ;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast."
- 2 I came to Jesus as I was—
Weary, and worn, and sad ;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold I freely give
The living water—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live.
- 4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream ;
My thirst was quench'd, my soul revived
And now I live in Him.
- 5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light ;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
- 6 I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun ;

And in that Light of Life I'll walk
Till trav'ling days are done.

211.

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

3 Just as I am, though toss'd about,
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

5 Just as I am: Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

212.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God,
All the vain things that charm me most
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;

Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

- 4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er His body on the tree ;
Then I am dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

213.

- JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run,
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head,
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King :
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long amen.

214.

NOT all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,

Could give the guilty conscience peace
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burden Thou didst bear:
While hanging on the cursèd tree,
And knows her guilt was there.

215.

L ORD, bless and pity us,
Shine on us with Thy face:
That th' earth Thy way, and nations all
May know Thy saving grace.

2 Let people praise Thee, Lord!
Let people all Thee praise!
Oh, let the nations all be glad,
In songs their voices raise!

3 Thou'it justly people judge,
On earth rule nations all:
Let people praise Thee, Lord! let them
Praise Thee, both great and small!

4 The earth her fruit shall yield,
Our God shall blessings send;
God shall us bless: men shall Him fear
Unto earth's utmost end.

216.

B LEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;

The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,—
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

217.

HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the
Lord!

Is laid for your faith in His excellent
word!

What more can He say, than to you He
hath said,—

||: To you, who for refuge to Jesus hath
fled? :||

2 Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dis-
mayed,

For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
thee to stand,

||: Upheld by My gracious, omnipotent
hand. :||

3 "When thro' the deep waters I call thee to
go,

The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;

For I will be with thee thy trouble to bless,
 ||: And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress. :||

- 4 " The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for
 repose,
 I will not—I will not desert to His foes ;
 That soul—tho' all hell should endeavor to
 shake,
 ||: I'll never — no never — no never for-
 sake ! : ||

218.

G LORY be to the Father, and to the Son,
 and to the Holy Ghost ;
 As it was in the beginning, is now, and
 ever shall be, world without end.
 Amen, Amen.

219.

T AKE my life and let it be
 Consecrated, Lord, to Thee ;
 Take my hands and let them move
 ||: At the impulse of Thy love. :||

- 2 Take my feet and let them be
 Swift and beautiful for Thee ;
 Take my voice and let me sing
 ||: Always—only—for my King. :||

- 3 Take my lips and let them be
 Fill'd with messages from Thee ;
 Take my silver and my gold,
 ||: Not a mite would I withhold. :||

- 4 Take my moments and my days,
 Let them flow in endless praise ;
 Take my intellect and use
 ||: Ev'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose. :||

5 Take my will and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
||: It shall be Thy royal throne. :||

6 Take my love, my God, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store
Take myself, and I will be
||: Ever, only, all for Thee. :||

220.

COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your
choice;
I will guide you to your home,
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn;—

4 Hither come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

221.

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die!
God, your Maker, asks you—why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with Himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of His own hands,—

Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross His love, and die?

- 2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you—why?
He who did your souls retrieve,
Died Himself that ye might live,
Will ye let Him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight His grace, and die?

- 3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you—why?
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace His love:
Will you not His grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
Why, ye long-sought sinners! why,
Will ye grieve your God, and die?

222.

JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, oh, my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
 More than all in Thee I find :
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick and lead the blind :
 Just and holy is Thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness ;
 Vile, and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—
 Grace to cover all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound ;
 Make me, keep me, pure within,
 Thou of life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of Thee ;
 Spring Thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

223.

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
 Nearer to Thee ;
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me,
 Still all my song shall be—
 ||: Nearer, my God, to Thee !:||
 Nearer to Thee !

- 2 Tho', like a wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 ||: Nearer, my God, to Thee !:||
 Nearer to Thee !

- 3 There let the way appear
 Steps unto heaven ;
 All that Thou sendest me,
 In mercy given :

Angels to beckon me

||: Nearer, my God, to Thee !:||
Nearer to Thee !

4 Then with my waking tho'ts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise ;
So by my woes to be
||: Nearer, my God, to Thee !:||
Nearer to Thee !

5 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be
||: Nearer, my God, to Thee !:||
Nearer to Thee !

224.

WORK, for the night is coming,
Work thro' the morning hours ;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flow'rs ;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon ;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon,
Give every flying minute,
Something to keep in store ;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

- 3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies ;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies,
 Work till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more ;
 Work while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

225.

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins ;
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day ;
 And there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed church of God
 Be saved to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be, till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing Thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
 Lies silent in the grave.

226.

STAND up!—stand up for Jesus!
 Ye soldiers of the cross ;
 Lift high His royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss :

From vict'ry unto vict'ry
His army shall He lead,
Till ev'ry foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day:
“Ye that are men, now serve Him,”
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally!

227.

THE morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears!
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,

Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above ;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing—
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation !
Pursue thine onward way,
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay :
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home :
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—" The Lord is come !"

228.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings ;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in His wings :
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new :
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

- 3 It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bring us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people, too :
Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed ;
And He who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.
- 4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither,
Their wonted fruit shall bear,
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks, nor herds be there ;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice,
For while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

229.

MY faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine !
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine !

- 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire ;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my guide ;

Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour ! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove ;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

230.

JESUS, Thy name I love,
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord !
Oh, Thou art all to me !
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from Thee,
Jesus, my Lord !

- 2 Thou, blessèd Son of God,
Hast bought me with Thy blood,
Jesus, my Lord !
Oh, how great is Thy love,
All other loves above !
Love that I daily prove,
Jesus, my Lord !

- 3 When unto Thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord !
What need I now to fear ?
What earthly grief or care,
Since Thou art ever near ?
Jesus, my Lord !

- 4 Soon Thou wilt come again !
 I shall be happy then,
 Jesus, my Lord !
 Then Thine own face I'll see,
 Then I shall like Thee be,
 Then evermore with Thee,
 Jesus, my Lord !

231.

- COME, Thou Almighty King,
 Help us Thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise :
 Father ! all-glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come, and reign over us,
 Ancient of Days !
- 2 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
 Gird on Thy mighty sword ;
 Our prayer attend :
 Come, and Thy people bless,
 And give Thy word success :
 Spirit of holiness !
 On us descend.
- 3 Come, Holy Comforter !
 Thy sacred witness bear,
 In this glad hour :
 Thou, who almighty art,
 Now rule in every heart,
 And ne'er from us depart,
 Spirit of power !
- 4 To the great One in Three,
 The highest praises be
 Hence evermore !

His sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore.

232.

SOUND, sound the truth abroad,
 Bear ye the word of God
 Through the wide world :
 Tell what our Lord has done,
 Tell how the day is won,
 And from His lofty throne
 Satan is hurled.

2 Speed on the wings of love,
 Jesus, who reigns above,
 Bids us to fly ;
 They who His message bear
 Should neither doubt nor fear,
 He will their friend appear,
 He will be nigh.

3 Ye, who forsaking all,
 At your loved Master's call,
 Comforts resign ;
 Soon will your work be done ;
 Soon will the prize be won ;
 Brighter than yonder sun
 Then shall ye shine.

233.

RISE, glorious Conqueror, rise
 Into thy native skies,—
 Assume Thy right ;
 And where in many a fold
 The clouds are backward rolled—

Pass through those gates of gold,
And reign in light !

2 Victor o'er death and hell !
Cherubic legions swell
Thy radiant train :
Praises all heaven inspire ;
Each angel sweeps his lyre,
And waves his wings of fire,—
Thou Lamb once slain !

3 Enter, incarnate God !—
No feet but Thine have trod
The serpent down ;
Blow the full trumpets, blow !
Wider yon portals throw !
Saviour triumphant—go,
And take Thy crown !

4 Lion of Judah—Hail !
And Let Thy name prevail
From age to age ;
Lord of the rolling years !
Claim for Thine own the spheres,
For Thou hast bought with tears
Thy heritage.

5 And then was heard afar
Star answering to star—
“ Lo ! these have come
Followers of Him who gave
His life their lives to save ;
And now their palms they wave,
Brought safely home.”

234.

MY country 'tis of thee,
 Sweet land of liberty,
 Of thee I sing;
 Land where my fathers died,
 Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
 From every mountain side,
 Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee,
 Land of the noble free,
 Thy name I love;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills,
 My heart with rapture thrills,
 Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees
 Sweet freedom's song;
 Let mortal tongues awake,
 Let all that breathe partake,
 Let rocks their silence break,
 The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing;
 Long may our land be bright,
 With freedom's holy light,
 Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King!

235.

O MY soul, bless thou Jehovah,
 All within me, bless His name;
 Bless Jehovah, and forget not
 All His mercies to proclaim.

- 2 Who forgives all thy transgressions,
Thy diseases all who heals;
Who redeems thee from destruction,
Who with thee so kindly deals.
- 3 Who with tender mercies crowns thee,
Who with good things fills thy mouth,
So that even like the eagle
Thou hast been restored to youth.
- 4 In His righteousness, Jehovah
Will deliver those distressed;
He will execute just judgment
In the cause of all oppressed.

236.

- O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;—
A heart that always feels Thy blood,
So freely shed for me.
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak—
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within.
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

237.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand,—
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile?
 In vain with lavish kindness,
 The gifts of God are strown:
 The heathen, in his blindness,
 Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 By wisdom from on high,
 Shall we to men benighted
 The light of life deny?
 Salvation! oh, salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole,
 Till o'er our ransomed nature,
 The Lamb, for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

238.

A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
 A bulwark never failing;
 Our Helper He, amid the flood
 Or mortal ills prevailing.
 For still our ancient foe
 Doth seek to work his woe;
 His craft and power are great,
 And armed with cruel hate—
 On earth is not his equal.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,
 Our striving would be losing;
 Were not the right Man on our side,
 The man of God's own choosing.
 Doth ask who that may be?
 Christ Jesus, it is He!
 Lord Sabaoth is His name,
 From age to age the same;
 And He must win the battle.

3 And tho' this world, with devils filled,
 Should threaten to undo us,
 We will not fear, for God hath willed
 His truth to triumph through us.
 Let goods and kindred go,
 This mortal life also;
 The body they may kill;
 God's truth abideth still,
 His kingdom is forever.

239.

BENEATH the glorious throne above,
 The crystal fountain springing,
 A river full of life and love,
 Is joy and gladness bringing.

CHO.—O glorious fountain now flowing so
free,
O fountain of cleansing opened wide
to me.

2 Through all my soul its waters flow,
Through all my nature stealing;
And deep within my heart I know
The consciousness of healing.

3 The barren wastes are fruitful lands
The desert blooms with roses;
And He, the glory of all lands,
His lovely face discloses.

4 My sun no more goes down by day,
My moon no more is waning;
My feet run swift the shining way,
The heavenly portals gaining.

5 Oh, depth of mercy! breadth of grace!
Oh, love of God unbounded!
My soul is lost in sweet amaze,
By wondrous love confounded.

240.

HEAR us, O Saviour, while we pray,
Humbly our need confessing;
Grant us the promised show'rs to-day,
Send them upon us, O Lord.

REF.—Send show'rs of blessing;
Send show'rs refreshing;
Send us show'rs of blessing;
Send them, Lord, we pray.

- 2 Knowing Thy love, on Thee we call,
 Boldly Thy throne addressing;
 Pleading that show'rs of grace may fall—
 Send them upon us, O Lord.
- 3 Trusting Thy word that cannot fail,
 Master, we claim Thy promise;
 Oh, that our faith may now prevail—
 Send us the showers, O Lord.

241.

I'VE learn'd to sing a glad new song
 Of praise unto our King!
 And now with all my ransomed powers
 His praises I will sing.

CHO.—His praises I will sing,
 He is my Lord and King;
 And now with all my ransomed
 His praises I will sing. [powers

- 2 I've learned to sing the song of peace,
 'Tis sweeter every day,
 Since Jesus calmed my troubled soul,
 And bore my sins away.
- 3 I sing the song of perfect love,
 It casteth out all fear!
 O breadth, O length, O depth, O height!
 O love so full of cheer.
- 4 I've learned to sing the song of joy,
 My cup is running o'er
 With blessings full of peace and love,
 And still there's more and more!
- 5 Soon I shall sing the new, new song
 Of Moses and the Lamb,
 With all the sainted hosts above.
 Before the great I AM.

242.

HOPE on, hope on, O troubled heart;
 If doubts and fears o'ertake thee,
 Remember this—the Lord hath said,
 He never will forsake thee;
 Then murmur not, still bear thy lot,
 Nor yield to care or sorrow;
 Be sure the clouds that frown to-day,
 Will break in smiles to-morrow.

2 Hope on, hope on, though dark and deep
 The shadows gather o'er thee;
 Be not dismayed; thy Saviour holds
 The Lamp of life before thee;
 And if He will that thou to-day
 Shouldst tread the vale of sorrow,
 Be not afraid, but trust and wait;
 The sun will shine to-morrow.

3 Hope on, hope on, go bravely forth
 Through trial and temptation,
 Directed by the word of truth,
 So full of consolation;
 There is a calm for every storm,
 A joy for every sorrow,
 A night from which the soul shall wake
 To hail an endless morrow.

243.

WHY do you linger,
 Why do you stay [way—
 In the broad road, that most dangerous
 While right before you,
 Narrow and strait, [gate?
 Is the bright pathway to heaven's pearly

REF.—Narrow and strait,
 Narrow and strait, [pearly gate.
 Is the bright pathway to heav'n's

2 Do you find pleasures,
 Lasting and pure, [allure—
 In the gay scenes that the thoughtless
 While your Redeemer,
 With love so great, [strait?
 Points to the way that is narrow and

3 Come then, beloved,
 No longer stay; [to-day;
 Leave the broad highway, O leave it
 Make your decision,
 Oh, do not wait; [strait.
 Take thou the pathway so narrow and

244.

MY soul, at last, a rest hath found,
 A rest that will not fail;
 A sure and certain anch'rage ground
 In Christ within the vail.

CHO.—O Rock of Ages cleft for me,
 In Thee my soul securely hide;
 My tower of strength, I fly to Thee,
 And safely there abide.

2 I'll hide me in this refuge strong,
 From every stormy blast;
 And sit and sing until the waves
 Of wrath are overpast.

3 Ye comfortless and tempest-tost,
 By sins and woes opprest;
 Ye tempted, troubled, ruined, lost,
 Come find in Christ your rest.

4 Ye thirsty, from this smitten Rock
 Life's crystal waters spring;
 There hide from every stormy shock,
 And rest, and drink, and sing.

245.

JESUS saves ! O blessèd story,
 Full of love and peace divine,
 Bursting from the realms of glory,
 Echoing through this world of time.

CHO.—Jesus saves ! O glory ! glory !
 Shout the tidings o'er and o'er ;
 Tell to all the earth the story,
 Jesus saves forevermore.

2 Jesus saves ! O, who can fathom
 All the fulness of His love ?
 He once died for our redemption,
 Now He waits for us above.

3 Jesus saves ! O sinner, hearken
 To the call of love to-day ;
 There's no other way to heaven,
 Jesus is the only way.

246.

HOW sweet the joy that fills my soul,
 Christ is my Redeemer ;
 His precious blood has made me whole,
 Christ is my Redeemer ;
 My sins were all upon Him laid,
 A full atonement He hath made,
 For me He hath the ransom paid ;
 Christ is my Redeemer.

2 Though Satan oft my way oppose,
 Christ is my Redeemer ;
 With this I boldly meet my foes,
 Christ is my Redeemer ;
 'Twas this that gave me life and light,
 'Tis this that nerves me for the fight,
 'Tis this my hope that shines so bright ;
 Christ is my Redeemer.

- 3 When trials come I still confess,
 Christ is my Redeemer;
 He gives me grace each care to bless,
 Christ is my Redeemer;
 He guides and keeps me day by day,
 He closer comes when dark the way,
 He doth with this my fears allay;
 Christ is my Redeemer.
- 4 The victory by this I gain,
 Christ is my Redeemer;
 By this I break sin's galling chain,
 Christ is my Redeemer;
 And if He tarry and I sleep,
 My dying hour this hope shall keep,
 That when He comes the grave to reap,
 Christ is my Redeemer.

247.

LEAD to the shadow of the Rock of
 My weary feet; [Refuge
 Give me the water from the life stream
 Clear, pure and sweet. [flowing

CHO.—There from the billows and the tem-
 pest hiding,
 Under the shelter of Thy love abiding,
 Safe in the shadow of the "Rock of
 Joy shall be mine. [Ages,"

- 2 Lead to the shadow of the Rock Eternal
 My heart oppressed;
 There in the secret of Thy holy presence,
 Calm shall I rest.
- 3 Lead to the shadow of the "Rock of Ages,"
 O keep thou me
 Safe from the arrows of the world's temp-
 Close, close to Thee. [tations,

248.

JESUS, I come to Thee for light,
 Restore to me my blinded sight,
 And from my soul dispel the night—
 ||: Jesus, to Thee I come !:||

2 Jesus, I come—I cannot stay
 From Thee another precious day;
 I would Thy word at once obey—
 ||: Jesus, to Thee I come !:||

3 Jesus, I come—"just as I am,"
 To Thee, the holy, spotless Lamb;
 Thou wilt my troubled spirit calm—
 ||: Jesus, to Thee I come !:||

249.

RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
 Hark! all the tribes hosanna cry;
 O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road
 With palms and scattered garments
 strewed.

CHO.—Ride on! ride on in majesty!
 In lowly pomp, ride on to die.

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
 The angel armies of the sky
 Look down with sad and wond'ring eyes
 To see th' approaching sacrifice.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
 The last and fiercest strife is nigh;
 The Father on His sapphire throne
 Awaits his own anointed Son.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
 In lowly pomp ride on to die;
 Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
 Then take, O God, Thy power and reign.

250.

OUR Saviour will descend again,
Earth's buried millions raising;
With Him will come a glorious train,
Adoring Him and praising.

CHO.—Raise high the song that loud and
Before Him ceaseth never, [long
Till, casting down each golden crown,
We worship Him forever.

2 And though these bodies lie in dust
Before that glad appearing?

Yet shall they stand among the just,
Our Saviour's image wearing.

3 What tho' earth's gath'ring tempests lower,
And ages pass in sadness?

Yet we may see that glorious dawn,
And hail the hour with gladness.

4 Then, safe at last, this blessèd throng,
Set free from tribulation,

Shall ever praise in holy song
The God of their salvation.

251.

'TIS a true and faithful saying,
Jesus died for sinful men;
Though we've told the story often,
We must tell it o'er again.

CHO.—O glad and glorious gospel!
With joy we now proclaim,
A full and free salvation,
Through faith in Jesus' name.

2 He has made a full atonement,
Now His saving work is done;
He has satisfied the Father,
Who accepts us in His Son.

- 3 Still upon His hands the nail-prints,
And the scars upon His brow;
Our Redeemer, Lord and Saviour
In the glory standeth now.
- 4 But remember this same Jesus
In the clouds will come again,
And with Him His blood-bought people
Evermore shall live and reign.

252.

WHILE we pray and while we plead,
While you see your soul's deep
need,
While your Father calls you home
Will you not, my brother, come?

CHO.—||: Why not now? Why not now?
Why not come to Jesus now?:||

- 2 You have wandered far away;
Do not risk another day;
Do not turn from God your face,
But, to-day, accept His grace.
- 3 In the world you've failed to find
Aught of peace for troubled mind;
Come to Christ, on Him believe,
Peace and joy you shall receive.
- 4 Come to Christ, confession make;
Come to Christ and pardon take;
Trust in Him from day to day,
He will keep you all the way.

253.

CONQUERING now and still to conquer,
C Rideth a King in His might,
Leading the host of all the faithful
Into the midst of the fight;

See them with courage advancing,
Clad in their brilliant array,
Shouting the name of their Leader,
Hear them exultingly say,

CHO.—Not to the strong is the battle,
Not to the swift is the race,
Yet to the true and the faithful
Vict'ry is promised through grace.

2 Conquering now and still to conquer,
Who is this wonderful King?
Whence all the armies which He leadeth,
While of His glory they sing?
He is our Lord and Redeemer,
Saviour and Monarch divine,
They are the stars that forever
Bright in His kingdom will shine.

3 Conquering now and still to conquer,
Jesus, Thou Ruler of all,
Thrones and their sceptres all shall perish.
Crowns and their splendor shall fall,
Yet shall the armies Thou ledest,
Faithful and true to the last,
Find in Thy mansions eternal
Rest, when their warfare is past.

254.

HOLY Ghost, with light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away,
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine.

Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

- 4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

255.

REJOICE! ye saints, again rejoice,
And sing, with one accord;
Rejoice with all your heart and voice,
In Christ your risen Lord.

CHO.—Rejoice, rejoice in the Lord,
Rejoice in the Lord alway;
Rejoice, rejoice in the Lord,
And again I say, rejoice.

- 2 Rejoice! rejoice, lift up your head,
And praise the living God;
That for your souls the Saviour shed
His own most precious blood.
- 3 Rejoice! rejoice! let praise abound
Before Jehovah's throne,
For dead ones raised and lost ones found,
And prodigals brought home.
- 4 Rejoice! rejoice! the Lord will come,
According to His word;
And gather all His ransom'd home,
"Forever with the Lord."

256.

NEVER shone a light so fair,
Never fell so sweet a song,
As the chorus in the air,
Chanted by the angel throng;
Every star took up the story,
Christ has come, the Prince of glory,

Come in humble hearts to dwell,
God with us, God with us, God with us
Immanuel.

- 2 Still that Jubilee of song
Breaks upon the rising morn;
While the anthem rolls along,
Floods of light the earth adorn;
Old and young take up the story,
Christ has come, etc.
- 3 Welcome now the blessed day
When we praise the Lord our King;
When we meet to praise and pray,
And His love with gladness sing;
Let the world take up the story,
Christ has come, etc.

257.

O BRETHREN, rise and sing,
Make hallelujahs ring
To our Almighty King,
And bless His name.

CHO.—||: Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hallelujah, bless His name. :||

- 2 He wins for us the fight,
He makes our darkness light,
All dreary doubts take flight
When He appears.

- 3 No lack or want have they
Who make the Lord their stay;
New strength for every day
His grace supplies.

- 4 O trust Him then to guide,
And for His own provide;
Should weal or woe betide,
Trust to the end.

258.

- ONE day the Shepherd passed, and turn-
 Come, follow me; [ing said,
 What wonder that in haste I rose,
 So kind was He!
- 2 He led me through green pasture land,
 By waters still;
 With such a Guide, who would not follow,
 Go where He will?
- 3 From out no other eye had ever beamed
 Such love on me;
 Good Shepherd, lead, and I will follow
 Hard after Thee.
- 4 Black clouds were gathering on a blacker
 World all so drear; [sky, the
 Upon the night wind rose the cry of
 One in great fear.
- 5 Dear Lord, the darkness falls upon me,
 I cannot see;
 My feet are stumbling on the mountains,
 Oh! succor me.
- 6 And soon there came a loving call in an-
 "Be not afraid; [swer,
 Mine eye shall guide the blind ones, and
 Mine arm shall aid." [the weary
- 7 None ever perished following Jesus fully,
 No, never one;
 The weakest lambs are carried in His
 Brought safely home. [bosom, and

259.

- WAND'RING souls, why longer roam
 Away from God, away from home?
 The Saviour calls, O hear Him say,
 "Whoever will" may come to-day.

CHO.—All praise and glory be unto Jesus,
 For Hē hath purchased a full salva-
 tion; [tion,
 Behold how wondrous a proclama-
 "Whosoever will" may come!

2 Behold His hands extended now,
 The dews of night are on His brow;
 He knocks, He calls, He waiteth still;
 Oh, come to Him, "whoever will."

3 In simple faith His word believe,
 And His abundant grace receive;
 No love like His the heart can fill;
 Oh, come to Him, "whoever will."

4 The "Spirit and the Bride say, Come!"
 And find in Him sweet rest and home;
 Let him that heareth echo still,
 The blessed, "*whosoever will.*"

260.

HEAR me, blessed Jesus,
 Bid all fear depart;
 Let Thy Spirit whisper
 Peace within my heart.

CHO.—Then, whate'er Thou sendest,
 Happy shall I be,
 Jesus, my Redeemer,
 Looking unto Thee.

2 Let me fully trust Thee,
 Resting on Thy word;
 Let me still with patience
 Wait on Thee, O Lord.

3 Hiding in the shadow
 Of Thy shelt'ring wings,
 I shall rest confiding
 In the King of kings.

261.

YES, we'll meet again in the morning,
 In the dawn of a fairer day;
 When the night of watching and waiting,
 With its darkness has passed away.
 Where no shadows veil the sunshine,
 Over there in the heav'nly land,
 And the crystal waves of the river,
 Ever flow o'er the golden sand.

2 Where our precious ones now are dwelling,
 Free from toil and from ev'ry care;
 With their garments spotless and shining,
 Like the robes that the angels wear.
 When our pilgrimage completed,
 And our footsteps no longer roam,
 By the pearly gates gladly waiting,
 They will give us a welcome home.

3 O what joy when all shall be over,
 And the journey on earth we close,
 And the angels homeward shall bear us,
 Where the life-stream forever flows.
 We shall see the King of glory, [voice;
 We shall praise Him with harp and
 We shall sing the grace that redeemed us
 While our hearts in His love rejoice.

262.

GIRD on the sword and armor,
 Go raise the banner high;
 The Captain of Salvation
 To thee is ever nigh.

CHO.—Then wave the glorious banner,
 Press forward in His name;
 And soon thy Guide and Captain
 Will victory proclaim.

2 Gird on the sword and armor,
 Let faith be thy strong shield;

His promise shall sustain thee
On ev'ry battle field.

- 3 Gird on the sword and armor,
Press on the foe to fight;
No enemy can harm thee,
For God sustains the right.

263.

HOW do I know my sins forgiven?
My Saviour tells me so;
That now I am an heir of heav'n?
My Saviour tells me so.

CHO.—Away with doubt, away with fear,
When this by faith I know;
God's word shall stand forevermore,
My Saviour tells me so.

- 2 By trusting Christ the witness came,
My Saviour tells me so;
The pardon's free in Jesus' name,
My Saviour tells me so.

- 3 Believe and thou shalt surely live,
My Saviour tells me so,
The Spirit's witness God will give,
My Saviour tells me so.

- 4 Though rough the way, I shall endure,
My Saviour tells me so;
His sheep are ever kept secure,
My Saviour tells me so.

- 5 How do I know I'll live again?
My Saviour tells me so;
With Christ in glory I shall reign,
My Saviour tells me so.

264.

HIDE me, O my Saviour, hide me
In Thy holy place;
Resting there beneath Thy glory,
O let me see Thy face.

REF.—Hide me, hide me,
 O blessed Saviour, hide me;
 O my Saviour, keep me
 Safely, O Lord, with Thee.

2 Hide me, when the storm is raging
 O'er life's troubled sea;
 Like a dove on ocean's billows,
 O let me fly to Thee.

3 Hide me when my heart is breaking
 With its weight of woe;
 When in tears I seek the comfort
 Thou canst alone bestow.

265.

THROW out the Life-Line across the
 dark wave, [save;
 There is a brother whom some one should
 Somebody's brother! oh, who then, will
 dare [share?
 To throw out the Life-Line, his peril to

CHO.—||: Throw out the Life-Line!:||
 Some one is drifting away;
 ||: Throw out the Life-Line!:||
 Some one is sinking to-day.

2 Throw out the Life-line with hand quick
 and strong; [long?
 Why do you you tarry, why linger, so
 See! he is sinking; oh, hasten to-day—
 And out with the Life-Boat! away, then,
 away!

3 Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fraught
 men, [been;
 Sinking in anguish where you've never
 Winds of temptation and billows of woe
 Will soon hurl them out where the dark
 waters flow.

4 Soon will the season of rescue be o'er,
 Soon will they drift to eternity's shore;
 Haste, then, my brother, no time for delay,
 But throw out the Life-Line and save them
 to-day.

266.

○ WORSHIP the King all glorious above,
 And gratefully sing His wonderful
 love; [days,
 Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of
 Pavilion'd in splendor, and girded with
 praise.

2 O tell of His might, and sing of His grace,
 Whose robe is the light, whose canopy
 space; [clouds form,
 His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-
 And dark is His path on the wings of the
 storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
 It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
 It streams from the hills, it descends to the
 plain, [rain.
 And sweetly distills in the dew and the

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
 In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
 Thy mercies, how tender! how firm to the
 end, [Friend.
 Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and

267.

HOLY Spirit, Teacher Thou,
 At the throne of grace we bow;
 Come, perform Thine office now,
 Teach us evermore.

REF.—Holy Spirit, teach us ever,
 Comfort, guide, and leave us never;

Dwell within us, we implore,
Now and evermore.

2 Comforter, indeed, Thou art,
Giving strength to ev'ry heart;
Let Thy presence ne'er depart,
Comfort evermore.

3 Sent to be our Guide to-day,
Keep us in the narrow way;
Grant that we may never stray,
Guide us evermore.

4 Teacher, Comforter, and Guide,
In our hearts do Thou abide;
And in life whate'er betide,
Help us evermore.

268.

PREACH the gospel, sound it forth,
Tell of free and full salvation;
Spread the tidings o'er the earth,
Go to ev'ry tribe and nation.

CHO.—Spread the joyful tidings in anthem
and story; [the glory.
Jesus hath redeemed us, O give Him

2 Preach the gospel full of joy,
While on grace and mercy dwelling;
Heart and soul in full employ,
As the story you are telling.

3 Preach the gospel, make it clear,
By the blood of Christ remission;
Give the message, make them hear,
This alone is our commission.

4 Preach the gospel full of love,
Christ's compassion fully knowing;

Seek the power from above,
While His great compassion showing.

- 5 Preach the gospel as if God
Sinners lost through you were seeking;
His salvation through the word,
Speak as if the Lord were speaking.

269.

I AM trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Trusting only Thee!
Trusting Thee for full salvation,
Great and free.

CHO.—I am trusting,
Trusting only Thee!
I am trusting, trusting,
Trusting only Thee.

- 2 I am trusting Thee for pardon,
At Thy feet I bow;
For Thy grace and tender mercy,
Trusting now.
- 3 I am trusting Thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting Thee to make me holy
By Thy blood.
- 4 I am trusting Thee for power,
Thine can never fail;
Words which Thou Thyself shalt give me,
Must prevail.
- 5 I am trusting Thee, Lord Jesus,
Never let me fall;
I am trusting Thee forever
And for all.

270.

AFTER the toil and trouble,
There cometh a day of rest;

- After the weary conflict,
Peace on the Saviour's breast ;
After the care and sorrow,
The glory of light and love ;
After the wilderness journey,
The Father's bright home above.
- 2 After the night of darkness,
The shadows all flee away ;
After the day of sadness,
Hope sheds her brightest ray ;
After the strife and struggle,
The victory is won ;
After the work is over,
The Master's own word, " Well done."
- 3 After the hours of chastening,
The spirit made pure and bright ;
After the earth's dark shadow,
Clear in the light of light ;
After the guiding counsel
Communion full and sweet ;
After the willing service,
All laid at the Saviour's feet.
- 4 After the pain and sickness,
The tears are all wiped away ;
After the flow'rs are gathered,
No more of earth's decay ;
After the deep heart sorrow,
An end of every strife ;
After the daily crosses,
A glorious crown of life.

271.

SIN no more, thy soul is free,
Christ has died to ransom thee
Now the power of sin is o'er,
Jesus bids thee sin no more.

CHO.—Sin no more, thy soul is free,
 Christ has died to ransom thee;
 Sing the message o'er and o'er,
 Christ forgives thee, sin no more.

2 Sin no more, but closely keep
 Near the hand that guards the sheep;
 Shun the snares that lured before,
 Trembling go, and sin no more.

3 Sin no more, His blood hath bought,
 Think on what His love hath wrought;
 Think of what for thee He bore,
 Weeping go, and sin no more.

4 Sin no more, O sin no more,
 Jesus lives to keep thee pure;
 If o'ertaken He'll restore,
 Saying "Go, and sin no more."

272.

TAKE time to be holy,
 Speak oft with thy Lord;
 Abide in Him always,
 And feed on His Word;
 Make friends of God's children,
 Help those who are weak,
 Forgetting in nothing
 His blessing to seek.

2 Take time to be holy,
 The world rushes on;
 Spend much time in secret
 With Jesus alone;
 By looking to Jesus,
 Like Him thou shalt be;
 Thy friends in thy conduct
 His likeness shall see.

3 Take time to be holy,
 Let Him be thy Guide,

And run not before Him,
 Whatever betide ;
 In joy or in sorrow,
 Still follow thy Lord,
 And, looking to Jesus,
 Still trust in His Word.

- 4 Take time to be holy,
 Be calm in thy soul,
 Each thought and each motive
 Beneath His control ;
 Thus led by His Spirit
 To fountains of love,
 Thou soon shalt be fitted
 For service above.

273.

THE Lord is coming by and by,
 Be ready when He comes ;
 He comes from His fair home on high,
 Be ready when He comes ;
 He is the Lord our Righteousness,
 And comes His chosen ones to bless,
 And at His Father's throne confess ;
 Be ready when He comes.

CHO.—||: Will you be ready when the Bride-
 groom comes? :||
 Will your lamps be trim'd and
 bright,
 Be it morning, noon, or night?
 Will you be ready when the Bride-
 groom comes?

- 2 He soon will come to earth again,
 Be ready when He comes ;
 Begin His universal reign,
 Be ready when He comes ;
 With Hallelujahs heav'n will ring,
 When Jesus does redemption bring ;

O trim your lamps to meet you King!
Be ready when He comes.

3 Behold! He comes to one and all,
Be ready when He comes;
He quickly comes, with trumpet call,
Be ready when He comes;
To judgment called at His command,
Drawn thither by His mighty hand,
Before His throne we all must stand;
Be ready when He comes.

274.

BEHOLD a Stranger at the door,
He gently knocks, has knock'd be-
Has waited long—is waiting still; [fore;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and laden hands;
O matchless kindness! and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

3 But will He prove a Friend indeed?
He will, the very Friend you need;
The Friend of sinners, yes, 'tis He,
With garments dyed at Calvary.

4 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine,
Turn out His enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, Sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

275

WE praise Thee, we bless Thee,
Our Saviour divine,
All pow'r and dominion
Forever be Thine;

We sing of Thy mercy
With joyful acclaim;

||: For Thou hast redeemed us,
All praise to Thy name.:||

- 2 All honor and praise to
 Thine excellent name;
 Thy love is unchanging,
 Forever the same;
 We bless and adore Thee,
 O Saviour and King;
 ||: With joy and thanksgiving,
 Thy praises we sing. :||
- 3 The strength of the hills, and
 The depths of the sea,
 The earth and its fullness,
 Belong unto Thee;
 And yet to the lowly
 Thou bendest Thine ear,
 So ready their humble
 Petitions to hear;
 ||: So ready their humble
 Petitions to hear. :||
- 4 Thine infinite goodness
 Our tongues shall employ;
 Thou givest us richly
 All things to enjoy;
 We'll follow Thy footsteps,
 We'll rest in Thy love,
 ||: And soon we shall praise Thee
 In mansions above. :||

276.

IT is finished ; what a gospel !
 Nothing has been left to do,
 But to take with grateful gladness
 What the Saviour did for you.

CHO.—||: It is finished ; Hallelujah ! :||
 Christ the work has fully done ; Hal-
 lelujah !
 All who will may have their pardon
 Through the blood of God's own Son.

- 2 It is finished ; what a gospel !
 Bringing news of vict'ry won,
 Telling us of peace and pardon
 Thro' the blood of God's dear Son.
- 3 It is finished ; what a gospel !
 Here each weary laden breast,
 That accepts God's gracious offer,
 Enters into perfect rest.
- 4 It is finished ; what a gospel !
 Jesus died to save your soul ;
 Have you taken His salvation ?
 Have you let Him make you whole ?

277.

THERE is a Paradise of rest
 On yonder tranquil shore ;
 Beyond the shadow and the gloom of night,
 Where toil and tears are o'er.

CHO.—Meet me there, oh, meet me there,
 At the dawning of that morning bright
 and fair ;
 Meet me there, oh, meet me there,
 In the land beyond the river, meet me
 there.

- 2 There is a City crown'd with light,
 Its joys no tongue can tell ;
 For they who enter shall behold the King,
 And in His presence dwell.
- 3 There is a crown laid up on high
 That Christ the Lord will give
 To those who patiently His coming wait,
 And for His glory live.
- 4 Oh, then be faithful unto death,
 Press on the heavenly way,
 That we may enter thro' the Gates of Life
 To realms of endless day.

278.

- LEAD, kindly Light, amid th' encircling
gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.
- 2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but
Lead Thou me on. [now
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past
years.
- 3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it
Will lead me on [still
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent,
The night is gone, [till
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile.

279.

- WHEN God the way of life would teach
And gather all His own,
, He puts them safe beyond the reach
Of death, by blood alone.

CHO.—It is His word, God's precious word,
It stands forever true:
When I, the Lord, shall see the blood,
I will pass over you.

- 2 By Christ, the sinless Lamb of God,
The precious blood was shed,
When He fulfilled God's holy word,
And suffered in our stead.

- 3 O soul, for thee salvation thus
By God is freely giv'n ;
The blood of Christ atones for sin,
And makes us meet for heaven.
- 4 The wrath of God that was our due,
Upon the Lamb was laid ;
And by the shedding of His blood,
The debt for us was paid.
- 5 How calm the judgment hour shall pass
To all who do obey
The word of God about the blood,
And make that word their stay.

280.

OUT on the mountain, sad and forsaken,
Lost in its mazes, no light canst thou
see ;

Yet in His mercy, full of compassion,
Lo ! the Good Shepherd is calling to thee.

CHO.—Calling to thee, calling to thee ;
Jesus is calling, " Come unto me ;"
Calling to thee, calling to thee,
Hear the Good Shepherd calling to
thee.

2 Far on the mountain, why wilt thou wan-
der ?

Deeper in darkness thy pathway will be ;
Turn from thy roaming, fly from its dan-
gers, [thee.

While the Good Shepherd is calling to

3 Flee from thy bondage, Jesus will help
thee, [free ;

Only believe Him, and thou shalt be
Wonderful mercy, boundless compassion,
Still the Good Shepherd is calling to
thee.

281.

I DO not ask for earthly store
 Beyond a day's supply ;
 I only covet, more and more,
 The clear and single eye,
 To see my duty face to face,
 And trust the Lord for daily grace,

CHO.—Then shall my heart keep singing,
 While to the cross I cling ;
 For rest is sweet at Jesus' feet,
 | : While homeward faith keeps wing
 ing. :|

2 I care not for the empty show
 That thoughtless worldlings see ;
 I crave to do the best I know,
 And leave the rest with Thee ;—
 Well satisfied that sweet reward
 Is sure to those who trust the Lord.

3 Whate'er the crosses mine shall be,
 I will not dare to shun :
 I only ask to live for Thee,
 And that Thy will be done ;
 Thy will, O Lord, be mine each day,
 While pressing on my homeward way.

4 And when at last, my labor o'er,
 I cross the narrow sea,
 Grant, Lord, that on the other shore
 My soul may dwell with Thee ;
 And learn what here I cannot know,
 Why Thou hast ever loved me so.

282.

TRAV'LING to the better land,
 O'er the desert's scorching sand,

Father, do Thou hold my hand,
And lead me on.

2 When at Marah, parched with heat,
I the sparkling fountain greet,
Make the bitter waters sweet,
And lead me on.

3 When the wilderness is drear,
Show me Elim's palm-groves near,
With its wells, as crystal clear,
And lead me on.

4 Thro' the water and the fire,
This, O Lord, my one desire:
With Thy love my heart inspire,
And lead me on.

5 When I stand on Jordan's brink,
Do not let me fear or shrink;
Hold me, Father, lest I sink,
And lead me on.

283.

'TIS only a little way on to my home,
And there in its sunshine forever
I'll roam;

While all the day long I journey with song,
O beautiful Eden-land, thou art my home.

'Tis only a little way, only a little way,
'Tis only a little way on to my home.

2 'Tis only a little way farther to go,
O'er mountain and valley where dark
waters flow;

My Saviour is near with blessings to cheer,
His word is my guiding star; why should
I fear?

'Tis only a little way, only a little way,
'Tis only a little way on to my home.

- 3 'Tis only a little way ; there I shall see
 The friends that in glory are waiting for me ;
 Their voices from home now float on the
 air,
 They're calling me tenderly, calling me
 there.
 'Tis only a little way, only a little way,
 'Tis only a little way on to my home.

284.

I WILL praise the Lord my Glory,
 I will praise the Lord my Light,
 He my cloud by day to cover,
 He my fire to guide by night.

CHO.—I will praise Thee with my whole
 Will praise Thee, O Lord ; [heart,
 I will be glad and rejoice in Thee,
 O Thou Most High.

- 2 I will praise the Lord my Prophet,
 Holy Priest and Righteous King,
 With the angels who adore Him,
 “ Holy, holy,” I will sing.
- 3 I will praise the Lord my Shepherd,
 Keeper, Pasture, Door, and Fold,
 O'er the lonely hills He sought me,
 When the night was dark and cold.
- 4 I will praise the Lord my Father,
 Saviour, Brother, Guide, and Friend,
 He thus far in life hath led me,
 He will lead me to the end.
- 5 I will love Him, I will trust Him,
 All the remnant of my days,
 And will sing through endless ages,
 Only my Redeemer's praise.

285.

NOT saved are we by trying,
 From self can come no aid;
 'Tis on the blood relying,
 Once for our ransom paid;
 'Tis looking unto Jesus,
 The holy One and just;
 'Tis His great work that saves us,
 It is not Try, but Trust.

CHO.—1: It is not Try, but Trust; :||
 'Tis His great work that saves us;
 It is not Try, but Trust.

- 2 'Twas vain for Israel bitten
 By serpents on their way,
 To look to their own doing,
 That awful plague to stay;
 The remedy for their healing,
 When humbled in the dust,
 Was of the Lord's revealing,
 It was not Try, but Trust.
- 3 No deeds of ours are needed
 To make Christ's merit more;
 No frames of mind, or feelings,
 Can add to His great store;
 'Tis simply to receive Him,
 The holy One and just,
 'Tis only to believe Him,
 It is not Try, but Trust.

286.

COME, Holy Spirit,
 Like a dove descending,
 Rest Thou upon us
 While we meet to pray;
 Show us the Saviour,
 All His love revealing;

Lead us to Him,
The Life, the Truth, the Way.

2 Come, Holy Spirit,
Every cloud dispelling;
Fill us with gladness,
Through the Master's name;
Bring to our memory
Words that He hath spoken,
Then shall our tongues
His wondrous grace proclaim.

3 Come, Holy Spirit,
Sent from God the Father—
Thou Friend and Teacher,
Comforter and Guide—
Our thoughts directing,
Keep us close to Jesus,
And in our hearts
Forevermore abide.

287.

“JESUS of Nazareth!” O what a name!
Let us rejoice and His glory proclaim;
Saviour and Keeper forever the same;
Shepherd, Redeemer, and Lord.

CHO.—Jesus of Nazareth, once crucified,
Jesus of Nazareth, now glorified;
Jesus of Nazareth, throned at God's
Glory and praise to His name. [side.

2 Jesus of Nazareth, truly a man,
Low in His cradle His life He began,
Lived before God, both in pattern and plan,
Righteous, Obedient One.

3 Jesus of Nazareth, nailed to the tree,
Dying that we by His death might be free,
Bearing the curse all for you and for me,
Dying a ransom for all.

- 4 Jesus of Nazareth, raised from the dead,
Spotless and holy and still in our stead,
Made for us ever our glorified head,
Raised from the dead for us all.
- 5 Jesus of Nazareth, seated on high,
Sending the Spirit of grace to apply
Life through the word unto men far and
Offering salvation to all. [nigh,
- 6 Jesus of Nazareth, earth's coming King,
Peace to the warring world soon He shall
bring, [sing;
Nations of saved ones His praises shall
All shall bow down at His name.

288.

- I BELONG to Jesus ;
I am not my own ;
All I have and all I am,
Shall be His alone.
- 2 I belong to Jesus ;
He is Lord and King,
Reigning in my inmost heart,
Over everything.
- 3 I belong to Jesus ;
What can hurt or harm,
When He folds around my soul
' His almighty Arm ?
- 4 I belong to Jesus ;
Blessed, blessed thought !
With His own most precious blood
Has my soul been bought.
- 5 I belong to Jesus ;
He has died for me,
I am His and He is mine
Through eternity.

6 I belong to Jesus ;
 He will keep my soul,
 When the deathly waters dark
 Round about me roll.

7 I belong to Jesus ;
 And ere long I'll stand
 With my precious Saviour there,
 In the glory land.

289.

○ COME to the Saviour while now He is
 calling, [so free ;
 O come while there's mercy and pardon
 O trust in His grace, He will keep thee
 from falling, [thee.
 And strength to o'ercome He offers to

REF.—O come, come to the Saviour,
 O come, come while you may ;
 O come, come to the Saviour,
 He's tenderly calling to-day.

2 There's no other name among men that is
 given, [way ;
 There's no other way to be saved but this
 O trust in His mercy ; too long hast thou
 striven [you may.
 With sin and with self ; O come while

3 The door of His mercy is now standing
 open ; [room ;"
 O hasten and enter, for " Yet there is
 For if you reject Him, this word He hath
 spoken, [come."
 That where He now is " Ye never can

4 And he that believeth, the promise is
 written, [fied One ;
 Is saved through the blood of the Cruci-

The Spirit is pleading; O will you not
hasten,
And find in His love a refuge and home.

290.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art;
Make me as a little child—
From distrust and envy free,
Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave;
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care;
Why should I the burden bear?

3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond its own,
Being neither strong nor wise,
Fears to take a step alone—
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Friend, and Guide.

291.

HOLY, holy, holy is the Lord!
Sing, O ye people, gladly adore Him:
Let the mountains tremble at His word,
Let the hills be joyful before Him
Mighty in wisdom, boundless in mercy,
Great is Jehovah, King over all.

CHO.—Holy, holy, holy is the Lord!
Let the hills be joyful before Him.

2 Praise Him, praise Him, shout aloud for
joy,
Watchman of Zion, herald the story;

Sin and death His kingdom shall destroy,
 All the earth shall sing of His glory;
 Praise Him, ye angels, ye who behold Him
 Robed in His splendor, matchless, divine.

- 3 King eternal, blessed be His name!
 So may His children gladly adore Him;
 When in heaven we join the happy strain,
 When we cast our bright crowns before
 Him;
 There in His likeness joyful awaking,
 There we shall see Him, there we shall
 sing.

292.

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven;
 To His feet thy tribute bring;
 Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
 Who like thee His praise shall sing?
 Praise Him! praise Him! praise Him!
 praise Him!
 Praise the everlasting King!

- 2 Praise Him for His grace and favor
 To our fathers in distress;
 Praise Him still, the same as ever,
 Slow to chide and swift to bless;
 Praise Him! praise Him! praise Him!
 praise Him!
 Glorious in His faithfulness!
- 3 Angels, help us to adore Him,
 Ye behold Him face to face;
 Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
 Dwellers all in time and space;
 Praise Him! praise Him! praise Him!
 praise Him!
 Praise with us the God of grace!

293.

IN the hour when guilt assails me,
On His gracious name I call,
Then I find the heavenly fullness,
Christ my righteousness, my all.

CHO.—All my song when standing yonder
Shall be Christ, my joy, my all;
||: This shall ever be my anthem,
“Christ my glory, Christ my all.” :||

2 In the night when sorrow clouds me,
And the burning teardrops fall,
Then I sing the song of patience,
Christ, my Brother and my all.

3 In the day when this immortal
Shall fling off its mortal thrall,
Then my song of resurrection
Shall be Christ, my all in all.

294.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

CHO.—O wond'rous land beyond the sky,
O land so bright and fair,
When shall we reach thy golden gates,
And dwell forever there?

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

- 4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

295.

AS lives the flower within the seed,
As in the cone the tree,
So, praise the God of truth and grace,
His Spirit dwelleth in me.

CHO.—Christ liveth in me,
Christ liveth in me,
O what a salvation this,
That Christ liveth in me!

- 2 Once far from God and dead in sin,
No light my heart could see;
But in God's word the light I found,
Now Christ liveth in me.

- 3 As rays of light from yonder sun
The flowers of earth set free,
So life and light and love came forth
From Christ living in me.

- 4 With longing all my heart is filled,
That like Him I may be,
As on the wond'rous thought I dwell,
That Christ liveth in me.

296.

WE have felt the love of Jesus
In our hearts with rapture glow;
Will that love forsake and leave us?
Never, no! Oh, never, no!
If on beds of pain we languish,
Earthly friends may lightly go,
Will He leave us in our anguish?
Never, no! Oh, never, no!

2 Chosen not for our deservings,
 But that God His grace might show;
 For our failures will He leave us?
 Never, no! Oh, never, no!
 'Tis in Christ the Father sees us,
 To His Son the love doth flow;
 Will He turn away from Jesus?
 Never, no! Oh, never, no!

3 Will He leave when care encroaches?
 When we're tempted will He go?
 When the last dread hour approaches?
 Never, no! Oh, never, no!
 And when safely home in glory,
 When sad tears no longer flow,
 Can we e'er forget the story?
 Never, no! Oh, never, no!

297.

SOON will come the setting sun,
 When our work will all be done,
 And the weary heart at last be still;
 But the Lord with gentle cry,
 Will awake us by and by,
 And we'll meet again on Zion's hill.

CHO.—We'll meet each other there,
 Yes, we'll meet each other there,
 And the Saviour's likeness bear,
 When we meet each other there;
 We'll meet each other there,
 Yes, we'll meet each other there,
 And His glory we shall share.

2 Deep the shadows in the vale,
 Fierce the howling of the gale, [door;
 Long and dark the storm around our
 But the Lord will make a way
 To the shining realms of day,
 With the shadow and the storm no more.

- 1 Flood the heart with parting tears,
 Frost the head with passing years,
 Let the days of earth be filled with care;
 But the Lord at length will come,
 In His love to take us home,
 And we'll never know a sorrow there.

298.

- 'TIS midnight; and on Olive's brow
 The star is dimmed that lately
 'Tis midnight; in the garden now [shone;
 The suff'ring Saviour prays alone.
- 2 'Tis midnight; and from all removed,
 The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
 Ev'n that disciple whom He loved
 Heeds not His Master's grief and tears.
- 3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt,
 The Man of sorrow, weeps in blood;
 Yet He, who hath in anguish knelt,
 Is not forsaken by his God.

299.

- BLESSED Saviour, ever nearer
 I am drawing to Thy feet;
 Thou hast borne my every sorrow,
 I am made in Thee complete;
 For Thy love my soul is yearning,
 More and more to me impart,
 I have heard Thy tender pleading,
 Come and dwell within my heart.
- 2 Blessed Saviour, I would never,
 Never more Thy love reject;
 At Thy feet I learn the lesson
 How Thine image to reflect;
 There I go when all forsake me,
 When by foes I am oppressed;

Then I hear Thy loved voice saying,
Come to me, I give you rest.

3 Blessed Saviour, draw me nearer,
Ever nearer to Thy heart,
When I'm weary, heavy laden,
And I feel the tempter's dart;
Oft I stumble, oft I falter,
Oft I'm tossed on angry seas;
But I know that Thou wilt guide me,
Through the storm to endless peace.

4 Blessed Saviour, let me linger
Ever near Thy precious feet,
Till I hear that welcome summons,
Come, thy loved ones now to greet;
Oh, the joy that there awaits me,
While I hope and watch and pray!
For the morning light is dawning,
Of the fair and endless day.

300.

LOOK up! look up! ye weary ones,
Whose skies are veiled in night,
For He who knows the path you tread
Will yet restore the light;
Look up! and hail the dawning
Of hope's triumphant morning.

CHO.—Behold Him! behold Him!
Your Saviour lives to-day;
Behold Him! behold Him!
The clouds have rolled away.

2 The gifts ye brought with loving hand
Your Lord will not disown;
Their odors sweet to heaven shall rise
Like incense 'round His throne.
Look up! and hail the dawning
Of joy's transcendent morning.

- 3 Rejoice, the grave is overcome,
And lo ! the angels sing ;
The grandest triumph ever known
Has come through Christ our King ;
All heaven proclaims the dawning
Of love's all-glorious morning.

301.

SAVIOUR, lead me, lest I stray,
Gently lead me all the way ;
I am safe when by Thy side.
I would in Thy love abide.

CHO.—Lead me, lead me,
Saviour, lead me, lest I stray ;
Gently down the stream of time,
Lead me, Saviour, all the way.

- 2 Thou the refuge of my soul
When life's stormy billows roll,
I am safe when Thou art nigh,
On Thy mercy I rely.

- 3 Saviour, lead me, till at last,
When the storm of life is past,
I shall reach the land of day,
Where all tears are wiped away.

302.

RETURN ! return ! O wand'rer, now
return ! [face ;
Return ! return ! and seek thy Father's
Those new desires which in thee burn
||: Were kindled by His grace.:||

- 2 Return ! return ! O wand'rer, now return !
Return ! return ! He hears thy humble
He sees thy softened spirit mourn [sigh ;
||: When no one else is nigh :||

- 3 Return ! return ! O wand'rer, now return !
 Return ! return ! thy Saviour bids thee
 live ;
 Come humbly to His feet and learn
 ¶: How freely He'll forgive :¶

303.

TURN thee, O lost one, care-worn and
 weary,
 Lo ! the good Shepherd is calling to-day ;
 Seeking to save thee, waiting to cleanse
 thee,
 Haste to receive Him, no longer delay.

CHO.—Tenderly calling, patiently calling,
 Hear the good Shepherd calling to
 thee ;
 Tenderly calling, patiently calling,
 Lovingly saying, "Come unto Me!"

- 2 Still He is waiting, why wilt thou perish,
 Though thou hast wandered so far from
 the fold ? [thee,
 Yet, with His life-blood, He has redeemed
 Wondrous compassion that cannot be
 told !

- 3 List to His message, think of His mercy !
 Sinless, yet bearing thy sins on the tree ;
 Perfect remission, life everlasting,
 Through His atonement, He offers to
 thee.

- 4 Come in the old way, come in the true way,
 Enter through Jesus, for He is the Door ;
 He is the Shepherd, tenderly calling,
 Come in thy weakness, and wander no
 more.

304.

SEARCH me, O Lord, and try this heart
 of mine,
 Search me, and prove if I indeed am Thine;
 Test by Thy word, that never changed can
 be, [Thee.
 My strength of hope and living faith in

2 Search me, O Lord, subdue each vain desire,
 And in my soul a deeper love inspire;
 Hide Thou my life, that I, supremely blest,
 Beneath Thy wings in perfect peace may
 rest.

3 Search me, O Lord, and from the dross of
 sin,
 Refine as gold, and keep me pure within;
 Search Thou my thoughts whose springs
 Thine eyes can see, [me.
 "From secret faults, O Saviour, cleanse Thou

4 Search me, O Lord, let faith through grace
 divine
 Thyself reflect, in ev'ry act of mine,
 Till at Thy call my waiting soul shall rise,
 Caught up with joy to meet Thee in the
 skies.

305.

HEAR the blessed invitation,
 Come, come, come;
 To the fountain of salvation,
 Come, come, come;
 Healing streams are flowing still;
 Welcome, "whosoever will;
 Let him take the water of life freely."

CHO.—||: Let him take, let him take,
 Let him take the water of life
 freely. :||

2 'Tis the voice of Jesus saying,
Come, come, come;
Now His blest command obeying,
Come, come, come;
He will cleanse from ev'ry ill;
Welcome, "whosoever will;
Let him take the water of life freely."

3 'Tis the Holy Spirit calling,
Come, come, come;
Ere the shades of death be falling,
Come, come, come;
He the heart with peace will fill;
Welcome, "whosoever will;
Let him take the water of life freely."

4 Lo! the Spirit and the Bride say,
Come, come;
And let him that heareth now say,
Come, come;
And let him that is athirst
Come, and "whosoever will;
Let him take the water of life freely."

306.

SAFE upon the heavenly shore,
Done with pain forevermore,
Weariness and weakness o'er,
Up yonder;
O the calm and quiet rest
On the loving Saviour's breast;
It is better than earth's best,
Up yonder.

2 Storms shall never reach us there,
No more sorrow, pain, or care,
No more cross for us to bear,
Up yonder;

Gain for them that suffered loss,
Crowns for them that bore the cross,
And a calm for hearts that toss,
Up yonder.

3 Safe upon the heavenly shore,
Done with sin forevermore,
Weariness and weakness o'er,
Up yonder;
Nevermore to know a fear,
Nevermore to shed a tear,
Better far than ever here,
Up yonder.

307.

IN the heavenly pastures fair,
'Neath the tender Shepherd's care,
Let us rest beside the living stream to-
Calmly there in peace recline, [day;
Drinking in the truth divine,
As His loving call we now with joy obey.

CHO.—Glorious stream of life eternal,
Beauteous fields of living green,
Though revealed within the word
Of our Shepherd and our Lord,
By the pure in heart alone can they
be seen.

2 Far from all the noise and strife
That disturb our daily life,
Let us pause awhile in silence and adore;
Then the sound of His dear voice
Will our waiting souls rejoice,
As He nameth us His own forevermore.

3 O how good and true and kind,
Seeking His stray sheep to find,
If they wander into danger from His side;

Ever closely may we tread
Where His holy feet have led, [abide.
So at last with Him in heaven we may

308.

MY heavenly home is bright and fair,
Nor pain nor death can enter there:
Its glitt'ring towers the sun outshine;
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

CHO.—I'm going home, I'm going home,
I'm going home to die no more!
To die no more, to die no more,
I'm going home to die no more!

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

309.

WHEN I shall wake in that fair morn
of morns,
After whose dawning never night returns,
And with whose glory day eternal burns,
I shall be satisfied, be satisfied.

REF.—||: I shall be satisfied, I shall be satis-
fied, [of morns.:||
When I shall wake in that fair morn

2 When I shall see Thy glory face to face,
When in Thine arms Thou wilt Thy child
embrace, [grace,
When Thou shalt open all Thy store of
I shall be satisfied, be satisfied.

- 3 When I shall meet with those that I have
 loved, [moved
 Clasp in my arms the dear ones long re-
 And find how faithful Thou to me hast
 I shall be satisfied, be satisfied. [proved.
- 4 When I shall gaze upon the face of Him
 Who died for me, with eye no longer dim,
 And praise Him with the everlasting
 I shall be satisfied, be satisfied. [hymn,

310.

TAKE Thou my hand, and lead me—
 Choose Thou my way ;
 “Not as I will,” O Father,
 Teach me to say ;
 What though the storms may gather ?
 Thou knowest best :
 Safe in Thy holy keeping,
 There would I rest.

2 Take Thou my hand, and lead me—
 Lord, I am Thine ;
 Fill with Thy Holy Spirit
 This heart of mine ;
 Then in the hour of trial
 Strong shall I be—
 Ready to do, or suffer,
 Dear Lord, for Thee.

3 Take Thou my hand, and lead me,
 Lord, as I go ;
 Into Thy perfect image
 Help me to grow ;
 Still in Thine own pavilion
 Shelter Thou me ;
 Keep me, O Father, keep me,
 Close, close to Thee.

311.

I AM waiting for the Master,
Who will bid me rise and come
To the glory of His presence,
To the gladness of His home.

CHO.—They are watching at the portal,
They are waiting at the door;
Waiting only for my coming,
All the loved ones gone before.

2 Many a weary path I've traveled,
In the darkest storm and strife,
Bearing many a heavy burden—
Often struggling for my life.

3 Many friends that traveled with me
Reached that portal long ago;
One by one they left me battling
With the dark and crafty foe.

4 Yes, their pilgrimage was shorter,
And their triumph sooner won;
Oh, how lovingly they'll greet me
When the toils of life are done.

312.

FROM the Bethlehem manger-home,
Walking His dear form beside,
We to Calvary's mount have come,
Where our Lord was crucified.

CHO.—Sweet tones of love come down the
ages through: [they do.
Father, forgive, they know not what

2 Scornful words the soldiers fling;
Wicked rulers Him deride,
Saying, If Thou be the King,
Save Thyself, Thou crucified.

- 3 Wondrous love for sinful men,
Of the sinless One that died !
May we wound Thee not again,
Thou, O Christ, the crucified.

313.

PASS along the invitation,
Whosoever will may come ;
Pass it on, pass it on,
Pass along the loving message
Unto ev'ry thirsty one ;
Pass it on, pass it on.

CHO.—Pass along the invitation,
Pass along the word of God,
Until every tribe and nation
Shall have heard of Christ the Lord,
Shall have heard, shall have heard,
Shall have heard of Christ the Lord.

- 2 Pass along the cup of comfort
That the Lord has given you ;
Pass it on, pass it on,
Other weary, troubled spirits
Need to taste its sweetness too ;
Pass it on, pass it on.

- 3 Pass along each boon and blessing
That may come to you through life ;
Pass it on, pass it on,
You may help the weary-hearted
Who are faint amid the strife ;
Pass it on, pass it on.

Pass along the watchword " Courage ;"
Soon the darkness will be o'er ;
Pass it on, pass it on,
See, already dawn is breaking
On the bright celestial shore ;
Pass it on, pass it on.

314.

MORE of Jesus, more of Jesus,
'Tis the Christian's yearning cry ;
More of Jesus, more of Jesus.
Only He can satisfy.

2 More of Jesus, more of Jesus,
While I tread earth's weary ways ;
More of Jesus, more of Jesus,
Till in heaven I hymn His praise.

3 More of Jesus, more of Jesus,
O to feel His love each hour !
More of Jesus, more of Jesus,
O to realize His power !

4 More of Jesus, more of Jesus,
In my weakness and my pain ;
More of Jesus, more of Jesus,
He can turn my loss to gain.

5 More of Jesus, more of Jesus,
Sorely do I deed His grace ;
More of Jesus, blessed Jesus,
When shall I behold His face ?

315.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

CHO.—O wondrous cross where Jesus died,
And for my sins was crucified ;
My longing eyes look up to Thee,
Thou blessed Lamb of Calvary.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my Lord ;
All earthly things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were all the realm of nature mine,
That were a gift by far too small;
A love so great and so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

316.

JESUS, Thou Refuge of the soul,
To Thy dear arms I flee;
From Satan's wiles, from self and sin,
O make and keep me free.

2 Though clouds may rise, though tempests
Thou wilt my shelter be, [rage,
While with a steadfast heart and true,
My trust is stayed on Thee.

3 No power on earth, or power below,
Can tear me from Thy side;
If 'neath Thy shelt'ring wings of love,
Dear Refuge, I abide.

4 Not death itself, that last dread foe,
Can hold me with his chain; [rise,
Through Christ, who conquered Death, I
And life eternal gain.

317.

I N times of sorrow, God is near,
His vigils never cease—
His tender, loving voice I hear,
"In Me ye shall have peace."

CHO.—O blessed peace! sweet boon of
heaven!
That bids our trouble cease;

O precious word, divinely given,
 "In Me ye shall have peace!"

2 Though long and weary is the night,
 And morn brings no relief,
 Yet faith the promise still believes,
 "In Me ye shall have peace."

3 His love we may not understand,
 While trials here increase,
 But yet we know His word is sure,
 "In Me ye shall have peace."

4 Soon shall our eyes the land behold
 Where pain and care shall cease;
 Till then we'll trust the promise sweet,
 "In Me ye shall have peace."

318.

A M I a soldier of the cross—
 A follower of the Lamb?
 And shall I fear to own His cause,
 Or blush to speak His name?

CHO.—In the name of Christ the King,
 Who hath purchased life for me,
 Through grace I'll win the promised
 Whate'er my cross shall be. [crown,

2 Must I be carried to the skies,
 On flowery beds of ease,
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
 Increase my courage, Lord!

I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

319.

WHILE Thou, O my God, art my help
and defender, [appall;
No cares can o'erwhelm me, no terrors
The wiles and the snares of the world will
but render [all.
More lively my hope in my God and my

REF.—||: My God and my all, :||
My treasure, my glory,
My God and my all.

2 Yes, Thou art my refuge in sorrow and
danger, [I fall;
My strength when I suffer, my hope when
My comfort and joy in this land of the
stranger, [all.
My treasure, my glory, my God and my

3 And when Thou demandest the life Thou
hast given, [call,
With joy will I answer Thy merciful
And quit this poor earth but to find Thee
in heaven, [all.
My portion forever, my God and my

320.

O I love to talk with Jesus, for it smooths
the rugged road;
And it seems to help me onward, when I
faint beneath my load;
When my heart is crushed with sorrow,
and my eyes with tears are dim,
There is nought can yield me comfort like
a little talk with Him.

- 2 Oft I tell Him I am weary, and I fair
would be at rest ;
That I'm daily, hourly longing to repose
upon His breast ;
And He answers me so kindly, in the
tend'rest tones of love,
" I am coming soon to take thee to My happy
home above."
- 3 Though the way is long and dreary to that
far off distant clime,
Yet I know that my Redeemer journeys
with me all the time ;
And the more I come to know Him, and
His wondrous grace explore,
How my longing groweth stronger still to
know Him more and more.
- 4 So I wait a little longer, till my Lord's ap-
pointed time, [grim feet shall climb ;
And along the upward pathway still my pil-
Soon within my Father's dwelling, where
the many mansions be,
I shall see my blessed Saviour, and He
then will talk with me.

321.

" **S**ING unto the Lord, O ye saints of His,
Sing unto the Lord, [sing, sing,
And at the remembrance of His holiness,
O give thanks unto the Lord."

- 1 O Lord, Thy loving kindness
Doth compass all our ways,
And " Thy compassions fail not,"
Through all the passing days ;
To Thee, O great Jehovah,
In " time of need " we cry ;
And all who call upon Thee
Shall find Thee ever nigh.

2 Thy goodness we remember,
We praise Thy holiness,
We look to Thee, O Saviour,
To save, and heal, and bless ;
'Tis by Thy loving favor
Thy trusting children stand,
Upheld, and kept, and guided,
By Thy protecting hand.

3 Let saints recount His mercies,
And fill His courts with praise ;
Let all who know His goodness,
Their hallelujahs raise ;
Praise God, the loving Father,
And Jesus Christ His Son,
With God the Holy Spirit,
The glorious Three in One.

322.

I WAIT for Thee, O Lord !
Thy glorious face to see,
That holy face that once was marred,
Was marred, O Lord, for me.

2 I wait for Thee, O Lord !
Before Thy feet to fall,
To worship lowly and adore
My Saviour, all in all.

3 I wait for Thee, O Lord !
Thy loving hand to feel,
Whose tender touch can even now
The wounded spirit heal.

4 I wait for Thee, O Lord !
Thy rapture deep to know,
Of living evermore with Thee ;
Love cannot more bestow.

- 5 I wait for Thee, O Lord !
 But for a little while ;
 This night my longing eyes may meet
 Thy joyful, welcome smile.

323.

HOW oft our souls are lifted up,
 When clouds are dark and drear,
 For Jesus comes and kindly speaks
 These loving words of cheer.

CHO.—“ In my Father’s house are many
 mansions ; [you ;
 If it were not so I would have told
 In my Father’s house are many man-
 sions,
 I go to prepare a place for you.”

- 2 How oft amid our daily toil,
 With anxious care oppressed,
 We hear again the precious word
 That tells of joy and rest.
- 3 O may our faith in Him be strong.
 Who feels our every care,
 And will for us, as He hath said,
 A place in heaven prepare.
- 4 Then let us work, and watch and pray,
 Relying on the love
 Of Him who now prepares a place
 For us in heaven above.

324.

WE would see Jesus—for the shadows
 lengthen
 Across this little landscape of our life ;
 We would see Jesus, our weak faith to
 strengthen
 For the last weariness--the final strife .

- 2 We would see Jesus—the great Rock-foundation,
[grace;
Whereon our feet were set with sov'reign
Not life, nor death, with all their agitation,
Can thence remove us, if we see His face.
- 3 We would see Jesus—other lights are
paling, [see;
Which for long years we have rejoiced to
The blessings of our pilgrimage are failing;
We would not mourn them, for we go to
Thee.
- 4 We would see Jesus—this is all we're need-
ing, [the sight;
Strength, joy, and willingness, come with
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, plead-
ing; [night.
Then welcome, day! and farewell, mortal

325.

PRECIOUS, precious blood of Jesus,
Shed on Calvary;
Shed for rebels, shed for sinners,
Shed for thee!

CHO.—O the precious blood of Jesus,
Shed on Calvary;
O believe it, O receive it,
'Tis for thee.

- 2 Though thy sins are red like crimson;
Deep in scarlet glow,
Jesus' precious blood shall wash thee
White as snow.
- 3 Precious blood, that hath redeemed us!
All the price is paid!
Perfect pardon now is offered,
Peace is made.

- 4 Precious blood, by this we conquer
In the fiercest fight,
Sin and Satan overcoming,
By its might.

326.

YOUNG men in Christ the Lord,
Own Him your Saviour God,
His name adore ;
For by His wond'rous sacrifice,
He paid the great redemption price,
That all might have eternal life,
That come to God through Him.

- 2 Young men in Christ the Lord,
Be mighty in His word,
Its truths declare ;
And seek the Holy Spirit's power,
By faith and persevering prayer,
That ye may witness anywhere
That sinful men are found.
- 3 Young men in Christ the King,
Your grateful tribute bring,
Of love and praise ;
United in His royal name,
With loyal hearts His words proclaim,
Throughout the world to all young men,
"Ye must be born again."
- 4 Young men in Christ the Friend,
On Him all hopes depend,
Of true relief ;
To every burdened soul you meet,
His gracious, loving words, so sweet,
"Come unto me," with love repeat,
"And I will give you rest."

5 Young men in Christ, arise,
 The world before you lies,
 Enslaved in sin;
 Make haste to swell the mission band,
 Prepared to go at His command,
 To save lost men in every land,
 At any sacrifice.

6 Young men in Christ the Son,
 In Him we all are one;
 For this He prayed;
 Then let us join the heavenly throng,
 To sound His praise in endless song,
 For all we have and are belong
 To Christ, our Lord Divine.

327.

WE are coming home to Jesus,
 We have heard His welcome
 We are trusting in His goodness, [voice;
 In His mercy we rejoice.

REF.—We are coming home, we are coming
 home, [ness to the light;
 We are are coming from the dark-
 We are coming home, we are coming
 home,
 We are coming home to-night.

2 We are coming home to Jesus,
 For He died that we might live;
 He is willing to receive us,
 He is waiting to forgive.

3 We are coming home to Jesus,
 By the cross, our only way;
 There He finished our redemption,
 And we can no more delay.

328.

AT even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met!

Oh, with what joy they went away!

2 Once more 'tis eventide; and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near;
What if Thy form we cannot see!

We know and feel that Thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel;
For some are sick and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had.

4 And all, O Lord, crave perfect rest,
And to be wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best,
Are conscious most of sin within.

5 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;
Here in this solemn evening hour,
Lord, in Thy mercy heal us all,

329.

OTENDER beseechings of Jesus!
How sweetly they fall on the ear!
O gospel of grace and of kindness,
God's love and compassion brought near!

CHO.—Is the Spirit of Jesus now striving?
His warning, my brother, obey;
Resist not His gracious beseeching,
O grieve not the Saviour away.

2 Beseeching in love for our Saviour,
Unworthy we pray in His stead;
Believe in the word of forgiveness,
Accept of the ransom He made.

- 3 Beseeching His blood-bought, His ransomed,
Your bodies to Him gladly yield,
That, in you, and through you, and by you,
His grace may be fully revealed.
- 4 Beseeching the saints to be holy,
Filled always with meekness and love;
Like Jesus so gentle and lowly,
Reflecting the light from above.
- 5 Beseeching that all for His coming
Unshaken may ever remain,
And stand with the saved and the chosen,
With Him in His glorious reign.

330.

TROUBLED heart, thy God is calling!
He is drawing very near;
Do not hide thy deep emotion,
Do not check that falling tear.

CHO.—O, be saved, His grace is free!
||: O, be saved, He died for thee !:||

- 2 Come, the Spirit still is pleading,
Come to Him, the meek and mild;
He is waiting now to save you,
Wilt thou not be reconciled?
- 3 Art thou waiting till the morrow?
Thou may'st never see its light;
Come at once! accept His mercy;
He is waiting—come to-night.
- 4 Let the angels bear the tidings
Upward to the courts of heaven!
Let them sing with holy rapture,
O'er another soul forgiven!

331.

O LORD, my soul rejoiceth in Thee,
My tongue Thy mercy is telling;
I've found Thy love so precious to me,
My heart with its rapture is swelling.

REF.—Wonderful love! O wonderful love!
I'll sing of its fullness forever;
I've found the way that leadeth above,
The way to the life-giving river.

2 I came to Thee o'erburdened with care,
My guilt with sorrow confessing; [fear,
'Twas love, Thy love, that banished my
And gave me for sadness a blessing.

3 To Thee, my hope and refuge divine,
My faith is fervently clinging;
And every hour some token of love
New joy to my spirit is bringing.

4 I look beyond this valley of tears,
Where Thou, a mansion preparing,
Wilt call me home forever with Thee,
The bliss of the glorified sharing.

332.

ETERNAL life God's Word proclaims
To lost and dying men;
By it alone we know the Lord,
Unseen by mortal ken.

CHO.—O blessed Word, O gracious Word,
We love it more and more;
O may it be our Strength and Sword,
Till earthly strife is o'er.

2 God's grace is in His Holy Word;
We need it every day;
In all our conflicts this the sword
Our every foe to slay.

- 3 By this same Word we know our work,
And how it should be done;
How we should live, and how through grace
The promised crown is won.

333.

O COME to the merciful Saviour who
calls you, [forgets;
O come to the Lord who forgives and
Though dark be the fortune on earth that
befalls you, [never sets.
A bright home awaits you whose sun

CHO.—Come home, come home, in darkness
no longer to roam, [day,
'Tis Jesus who tenderly calls you to—
Oh, brother, my brother, come home.

- 2 O come then to Jesus whose arms are ex-
tended [brace;
To fold His dear children in closest em-
O come, and your exile shall shortly be
ended, [face.
And Jesus will show you the light of His

- 3 Then come to the Saviour, whose mercy
grows brighter [love;
The longer you look at the depths of His
O fear not, 'tis Jesus, and life's cares grow
lighter [above.
While thinking of home and the glory

334.

I AM not skilled to understand
What God hath willed, what God hath
I only know at His right hand [planned;
Is One who is my Saviour!

- 2 I take Him at His word indeed:
"Christ died for sinners," this I read;

For in my heart I find a need
Of Him to be my Saviour !

3 That He should leave His place on high,
And come for sinful man to die,
You count it strange?—so once did I,
Before I knew my Saviour !

4 And O that He fulfilled may see
The travail of His soul in me,
And with His work contented be,
As I with my dear Saviour !

5 Yea, living, dying, let me bring
My strength, my solace from this spring,
That He who lives to be my King
Once died to be my Saviour !

335.

FOUNTAIN of purity opened for sin,
Here may the penitent wash and be
clean ;

Jesus, Thou blessed Redeemer from woe,
Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

CHO.—Whiter than snow, whiter than snow,
Wash me, Redeemer,
And I shall be whiter than snow.

2 Though I have labored again and again,
All my self-cleansing is utterly vain ;
Jesus, Redeemer from sorrow and woe,
Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Cleanse Thou the thoughts of my heart, I
implore, [more ;
Help me Thy light to reflect more and
Daily in loving obedience to grow,
Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Whiter than snow ! nothing further I need,
Christ is the Fountain ; this only I plead ;

Jesus my Saviour, to Thee will I go,
Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.

336.

I BRING to Thee, O Master,
My burden and my grief;
I do believe Thy promise,
Help Thou mine unbelief.

2 I bring my guilty nature,
For cleansing and for cure;
Oh, heal my sore diseases,
Restore and make me pure.

3 Thy mercy reaches lower
Than all the depths of sin;
As Thy compassions fail not,
Oh, give me peace within.

4 My faltering faith I bring Thee,
My weak and wavering will;
My spirit fails and falters;
'Thy promises fulfill.

337.

OUT on the desert, seeking, seeking,
Sinner, 'tis Jesus seeking for thee;
Tenderly calling, calling, calling,
Hither, thou lost one, O come unto Me.

REF.—Jesus is calling, Jesus is calling;
Why dost thou linger? why tarry
away? [gladly,
Come to Him quickly, say to Him
Lord, I am coming, coming to-day.

2 Still He is waiting, waiting, waiting;
O what compassion beams in His eye!
Hear Him repeating, gently, gently, [die?
Come to thy Saviour, O why wilt thou

3 Lovingly pleading, pleading, pleading, [yet;
Mercy, though slighted, bears with thee

Thou canst be happy, happy, happy;
Come ere the life-star forever shall set.

338.

"GOD bless you!" from the heart we sing;
God give to every one His grace,
Till He on high His ransomed bring
To dwell with Him in endless peace.

CHO.—God bless you! God bless you!
Bless and keep us all in Jesus' love,
And, when our partings here are over
Take us to the joys above.

2 God bless you on your pilgrim way,
Through storm and sunshine guiding
His presence guard you day by day, [still;
And keep you safe from every ill.

3 God bless you in this world of strife,
When oft the soul would homeward fly,
And give the sweetness to your life,
Of waiting for the rest on high.

4 God bless you, and the patience give
To walk through life by Jesus' side;
For Him to bear, for Him to live,
And then with Him be glorified.

5 God bless us all, and give us rest
When Christ shall come and glory dawn;
Our sun is swinging toward the west,
Life's little day will soon be gone.

339.

IS thy cruse of comfort failing?

Rise and share it with a friend,
And through all the years of famine
It shall serve thee to the end.

Love divine will fill thy store-house,
Or thy handful still renew;

||: Scanty fare for one will often
Make a royal feast for two. :||

- 2 For the heart grows rich in giving ;
 All its wealth is living grain ;
 Seeds, which mildew in the garner,
 Scattered, fill with gold the plain.
 Is thy burden hard and heavy ?
 Do thy steps drag wearily ?
 ||: Help to lift thy brother's burden,
 God will bear both it and thee. :||
- 3 Lost and weary on the mountains,
 Wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow ?
 Chafe that frozen form beside thee,
 And together both shall glow.
 Art thou wounded in life's battle ?
 Many stricken round thee moan ;
 ||: Give to them thy precious ointment,
 And that balm shall heal thine own. :
- 4 Is thy heart a well left empty ?
 None but God its void can fill ;
 Nothing but a ceaseless fountain
 Can its ceaseless longings still.
 Is thy heart a living power ?
 Self-entwined, its strength sinks low ;
 ||: It can only live by loving,
 And by serving, love will grow. :||

340.
 LORD, at Thy mercy-seat,
 Humbly I fall ;
 Pleading Thy promise sweet,
 Lord, hear my call ;
 Now let Thy work begin,
 Oh, make me pure within,
 Cleanse me from every sin,
 Jesus, my all.

- 2 Tears of repentant grief
 Silently fall ;

Help Thou my unbelief,
Hear Thou my call;
Oh, how I pine for Thee!
'Tis all my hope and plea;
Jesus has died for me,
Jesus, my all.

3 Still at Thy mercy-seat,
Saviour, I fall;
Trusting Thy promise sweet,
Heard is my call;
Faith wings my soul to Thee;
This all my song shall be,
Jesus has died for me,
Jesus, my all.

341.

COME into His presence with singing,
O worship the Lord with a song,
A tribute of gratitude bringing,
To Him to whom praises belong;
But oh, while you join in thanksgiving,
With voices in tuneful accord,
Remember, He watches your *living*,
And sing with your hearts to the Lord.

CHO.—Singing, singing,
This is true worship and love;
Living, singing,
This is accepted above.

2 Not yet as the angels in heaven,
May mortals their gratitude sing;
Not here upon earth is it given,
Perfection of service to bring;
But earnest and true adoration,
The heart in the hymn and the prayer,
Will be an accepted oblation,
And lighten life's burden and care.

- 3 Then come to His courts with rejoicing,
 And join in the chorus of praise;
 The prayer and the anthem but voicing
 The thanks which your loving hearts
 raise;
 With grace in your hearts, even duty
 Will change into pleasure, ere long,
 And seeing the King in His beauty,
 Your life shall then be as a song.

342.

TRUE-HEARTED, whole-hearted, faith-
 ful and loyal, [be;
 King of our lives, by Thy grace we will
 Under the standard exalted and royal,
 Strong in Thy strength we will battle for
 Thee.

CHO.—Peal out the watchword! silence it
 never!

Song of our spirits rejoicing and free;
 Peal out the watchword! loyal forever,
 King of our lives by Thy grace we
 will be.

- 2 True-hearted, whole-hearted, fullest alle-
 giance [King;
 Yielding henceforth to our glorious
 Valiant endeavor and loving obedience,
 Freely and joyously now would we bring.

- 3 True-hearted, whole-hearted, Saviour all
 glorious! [alone,
 Take Thy great power and reign there
 Over our wills and affections victorious,
 Freely surrendered and wholly Thine
 own.

343.

BLEST Jesus, grant us strength to take
Our daily cross, whate'er it be,
And gladly, for Thine own dear sake,
In paths of duty follow Thee.

- 2 And day by day, we humbly ask
That holy memories of Thy cross
May sanctify each common task,
And turn to gain each earthly loss.
- 3 Help us, dear Lord, our cross to bear,
Till at Thy feet we lay it down ;
Win through Thy blood our pardon there,
And through the Cross attain the Crown.

344.

HOW sweet, O Lord, Thy Word of grace
Which bids a sinner seek Thy face,
||: And never seek in vain ; ||:
That face, once set so steadfastly
To meet Thy cross of agony,
||: Can never me disdain. : ||

- 2 Thy visage, marred and crowned with
thorn,
Thou didst not hide from grief and scorn,
||: Nor from the dews of night ; : ||
Yet in that face a love appears
Which scatters all my gloomy fears,
||: And fills my soul with light. : ||
- 3 The heavens declare Thy power and love ;
In all Thy works, below, above,
||: Thy majesty I trace ; : ||
But mercy shines not in the skies,
And hope within my spirit dies,
||: Until I see Thy face. : ||

- 4 The brightness of Thy glory, Lord,
 Fills heaven and earth and written word
 ||: With beams of heavenly grace ;: ||
 But all the hosts of heaven shine
 With no such radiance divine
 ||: As Thy most blessed face.: ||

345.

'TIS the hallowed hour of prayer,
 And we trustingly bring
 All our doubtings and our fears
 To our Saviour and King;
 For we know that He delights
 A glad welcome to give,
 And the blessings that we ask for
 We shall fully receive.

CHO.—Precious hour of prayer !
 Hallowed hour of prayer !
 Sacred season of communion,
 It is sweet to be there !

- 2 'Tis the precious hour of prayer,
 And we humbly entreat :
 Father, breathe the Spirit now,
 As we bow at Thy feet ;
 Touch our lips with power of song ;
 Fill our souls with Thy love ;
 And bestow the benediction
 Of Thy peace from above.

- 3 'Tis the sacred hour of prayer,
 Calm as heaven above ;
 Soul to soul is breathing here
 The communion of love ;
 Every heart is sweetly filled
 With a peace most profound ;
 Oh, the place is like to heaven
 Where such true joys abound.

346.

BEHOLD how plain the truth is made;
 Since Christ the ransom price has
 And all our sins on Him were laid, [paid,
 We must in Him be saved.

CHO.—If thou shalt confess with thy mouth,
 Confess with thy mouth the Lord
 Jesus,
 And believe in thine heart [dead,
 :That God hath raised Him from the
 Thou shalt be saved.:]

2 The death of Christ upon the tree
 Was for the judgment due to thee;
 He died that thou mightst ransomed be
 And live by faith in Him.

3 By raising Jesus from the dead
 Our blessed God has surely said,
 That He accepts the blood He shed
 As cleansing us from sin.

4 And now to God, as sons brought nigh,
 We come and "Abba Father" cry,
 And seek the Spirit's full supply
 That we as sons may live.

347.

THE Lord keep watch between us,
 The ever present Friend;
 No love like His so mighty,
 To keep and to defend.

CHO.—Mizpah, Mizpah,
 Keep watch in tenderest love,
 Until our praises mingle
 Around the throne above.

2 Though absent from each other,
 We are not far from Him;

Let not our courage falter,
Let not our faith grow dim.

3 Though time and space may sever
The Master's servants here,
'Tis only for a season,
The meeting-time draws near.

4 The Lord Himself is watching,
In tenderness and love;
Let praises meet and mingle
Around the throne above.

348.

ENCAMPED along the hills of light,
Ye Christian soldiers, rise,
And press the battle ere the night
Shall veil the glowing skies;
Against the foe in vales below,
Let all our strength be hurled;
Faith is the victory, we know,
That overcomes the world.

CHO.—||: Faith is the victory !: ||
Oh, glorious victory,
That overcomes the world

2 His banner over us is love,
Our sword the word of God;
We tread the road the saints above
With shouts of triumph trod;
By faith they, like a whirlwind's breath,
Swept on o'er every field;
The faith by which they conquered Death
Is still our shining shield.

3 On every hand the foe we find
Drawn up in dread array ;

Let tents of ease be left behind,
 And onward to the fray;
 Salvation's helmet on each head,
 With truth all girt about,
 The earth shall tremble 'neath our tread,
 And echo with our shout.

- 4 To him that overcomes the foe,
 White raiment shall be giv'n;
 Before the angels he shall know
 His name confessed in heav'n;
 Then onward from the hills of light,
 Our hearts with love aflame;
 We'll vanquish all the hosts of night,
 In Jesus' conquering name.

349.

GREAT Jehovah, mighty Lord,
 Vast and boundless is Thy word;
 King of kings, from shore to shore
 Thou shalt reign forevermore.

- 2 Jew and Gentile, bond and free,
 All shall yet be one in Thee;
 All confess Messiah's name,
 All His wondrous love proclaim.
- 3 From her night shall China wake,
 Afric's sons their chains shall break;
 Egypt, where Thy people trod,
 Shall adore and praise our God.
- 4 India's groves of palm so fair,
 Shall resound with praise and prayer;
 Ceylon's isle with joy shall sing
 Glory be to Christ our King.
- 5 North and South shall own Thy sway,
 East and West Thy voice obey;
 Crowns and thrones before Thee fall,
 King of kings and Lord of all.

350.

CHRIST has for sin atonement made,
 What a wonderful Saviour!
 We are redeemed! the price is paid!
 What a wonderful Saviour!

CHO.—What a wonderful Saviour is Jesus,
 my Jesus! [my Lord!
 What a wonderful Saviour is Jesus,

2 I praise Him for the cleansing blood,
 What a wonderful Saviour!
 That reconciled my soul to God;
 What a wonderful Saviour!

3 He cleansed my heart from all its sin,
 What a wonderful Saviour!
 And now He reigns and rules therein;
 What a wonderful Saviour!

4 He walks beside me in the way,
 What a wonderful Saviour!
 And keeps me faithful day by day;
 What a wonderful Saviour!

5 He gives me overcoming power,
 What a wonderful Saviour!
 And triumph in each trying hour;
 What a wonderful Saviour!

6 To Him I've given all my heart,
 What a wonderful Saviour!
 The world shall never share a part;
 What a wonderful Saviour!

351.

CHRIST hath risen! Hallelujah!
 Blessed morn of life and light;
 Lo, the grave is rent asunder,
 Death is conquered through His might.

REF.—Christ is risen! Hallelujah!
 Gladness fills the world to-day;
 From the tomb that could not hold
 Him,
 See, the stone is rolled away.

2 Christ hath risen! Hallelujah!
 Friends of Jesus, dry your tears;
 Through the veil of gloom and darkness,
 Lo, the Son of God appears.

3 Christ hath risen! Hallelujah!
 He hath risen, as He said;
 He is now the King of glory,
 And our great exalted Head.

352.

THE living God, who by His might
 Spake but the word and there was
 light,
 Hath promised now to show His grace
 To sinful men, in Jesus' face.

CHO.—In Jesus' face! in Jesus' face!
 O wondrous sight! O wondrous grace!
 The living God through sin concealed,
 In Jesus' face is now revealed.

2 This mighty Christ, so strong and true,
 Has come from God, His work to do;
 He comes with power the soul to save,
 To give the victory o'er the grave.

3 In Jesus' face our God we know,
 And trust in Him to bear us through;
 He will not leave us to defeat,
 But make our victory complete.

4 When darkness gives the soul distress,
 When sorrows on our pathway press,

One look at Him will clouds displace,
While comfort beams from Jesus' face.

- 5 Then come, ye weary ones, and rest ;
Come, sinful souls, and here be blessed ;
Within your heart give Christ His place,
And see God's love in Jesus' face.

353.

O SAVIOUR, precious Saviour,
Whom, yet unseen, we love ;
O Name of might and favor,
All other names above.

CHO.—We worship Thee ! we bless Thee !
To Thee alone we sing !
We praise Thee and confess Thee,
Our Saviour, Lord, and King.

- 2 O bringer of salvation,
Who wondrously hath wrought,
Thyself the revelation,
Of love beyond our thought.

- 3 In Thee all fullness dwelleth,
All grace and power divine ;
The glory that excelleth,
O Son of God, is Thine.

- 4 Oh, grant the consummation,
Of this our song, above,
In endless adoration,
And everlasting love.

354.

Beyond the light of setting suns,
Beyond the clouded sky,
Beyond where starlight fades in night,—
I have a home on high.

CHO.—A mansion there, not made with
 A place prepared for me; [hands,
 And while God lives, and angels sing,
 That home my home shall be.

2 Beyond all pain, beyond all care,
 Beyond life's mystery,
 Beyond the range of time and change—
 My home's reserved for me.

3 Swift-flying worlds, their nights that roll
 Far out on seas of light,
 Will bring no darkness to my soul;
 My home's beyond the night.

4 My sins and sorrows, strifes and fears,
 I bid them all farewell;
 High up amid th' eternal years,
 With Christ, my Lord, to dwell.

355.

O DAY of rest and gladness,
 O day of joy and light,
 O balm of care and sadness,
 Most beautiful, most bright;
 On thee the high and lowly,
 Through ages joined in tune,
 Sing "Holy, holy, holy,"
 To the great God Triune.

2 On thee, at the creation,
 The light first had its birth;
 On thee, for our salvation,
 Christ rose from depths of earth;
 On thee, our Lord, victorious,
 The Spirit sent from heaven;
 And thus on thee, most glorious,
 A triple light was given.

- 3 New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest ;
 To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father, and to Son ;
 The Church her voice upraises
 To Thee, blest Three in One.

356.

- “STRETCH forth thy hand,” thy *palsied*
 hand,
 Fear not, it is thy Lord’s command ;
 Seek not from Him to hide thy sin,
 Confess, and ask to be made clean.

CHO.—“Stretch forth thy hand,” on Christ
 believe, [receive ;
 “Stretch forth thy hand,” the power
 He offers grace so full and free,
 “Stretch forth thy hand,” He speaks
 to thee.

- 2 “Stretch forth thy hand,” thy *empty* hand,
 No gift of thine will God commend ;
 The empty hand that shows thy need,
 Of this alone will He take heed.
- 3 “Stretch forth thy hand,” thy *helpless* hand,
 Upheld by God, thy soul shall stand ;
 Fight not in thine own strength the foe,
 But trusting Jesus, onward go.
- 4 “Stretch forth thy hand,” thy *dying* hand,
 When thou shalt come to Jordan’s strand ;
 Through all the billows Christ shall guide,
 And bring thee safe to Canaan’s side.

357.

NOT now, but in the coming years,
 It may be in the better land,

We'll read the meaning of our tears,
And there, sometime, we'll understand.

CHO.—Then trust in God through all thy
days;
Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand;
Though dark thy way, still sing and
praise; [stand.
Sometime, sometime, we'll under-

2 We'll catch the broken threads again,
And finish what we here began;
Heaven will the mysteries explain,
And then, ah then, we'll understand.

3 We'll know why clouds instead of sun
Were over many a cherished plan;
Why song has ceased when scarce begun;
'Tis there, sometime, we'll understand.

4 Why what we long for most of all,
Eludes so oft our eager hand;
Why hopes are crushed and castles fall,
Up there, sometime, we'll understand.

5 God knows the way, He holds the key,
He guides me with unerring hand;
Sometime with tearless eyes we'll see;
Yes, there, up there, we'll understand.

358.

FADING away like the stars of the morn-
ing,
Losing their light in the glorious sun—
Thus would we pass from the earth and its
toiling, [done.
Only remembered by what we have

REF.—Only remembered, only remembered,
 Only remembered by what we have
 done; [and its toiling,
 Thus would we pass from the earth
 Only remembered by what we have
 done.

2 Shall we be missed though by others suc-
 ceeded, [sown?
 Reaping the fields we in spring-time have
 No, for the sowers may pass from their la-
 bors, [done.

Only remembered by what they have

3 Only the truth that in life we have spoken,
 Only the seed that on earth we have sown;
 These shall pass onward when we are for-
 gotten, [done.

Fruits of the harvest and what we have

4 Oh, when the Saviour shall make up His
 jewels, [won,

When the bright crowns of rejoicing are
 Then shall His weary and faithful disciples,
 All be remembered by what they have
 done.

359.

WORK, for time is flying,
 Work with hearts sincere;
 Work, for souls are dying,
 Work, for night is near;
 In the Master's vineyard,
 Go and work to-day;
 Be no useless sluggard
 Standing in the way.

2 In this glorious calling,
 Work till day is o'er;
 Work, till evening falling,
 You can work no more;

Then your labor bringing
To the King of kings,
Borne with joy and singing
Home on angel's wings.

- 3 There where saints adore Him,
Where the ransomed meet,
Joy they show before Him,
Bowing at His feet;
Hear the Master saying,
From His heavenly throne,
When thy toil rewarding,
"Laborer, well done!"

360.

HAVE you sought for the sheep that
have wandered,
Far away on the dark mountains cold?
Have you gone, like the tender Shepherd,
To bring them again to the fold?
Have you followed their weary footsteps?
And the wild desert waste have you
crossed,
Nor lingered till safe home returning,
You have gathered the sheep that were
lost?

- 2 Have you been to the sad and the lonely
Whose burdens are heavy to bear?
Have you carried the name of Jesus,
And tenderly breathed it in prayer?
Have you told of the great salvation
He died on the cross to secure?
Have you asked them to trust in the
Saviour
Whose love shall forever endure?
- 3 Have you knelt by the sick and the dying,
The message of mercy to tell?

Have you stood by the trembling captive
Alone in his dark prison cell?

Have you pointed the lost to Jesus,
And urged them on Him to believe?

Have you told of the life everlasting
That all, if they will, may receive?

- 4 If to Jesus you answer these questions,
And to Him have been faithful and true,
Then behold, in the mansions yonder
Are crowns of rejoicing for you ;
And there from the King eternal,
Your welcome and greeting shall be,
"Inasmuch" as 'twas done for "my breth-
Even so it was done "unto me." [ren,"

361.

WHEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
May Jesus Christ be praised ;
Alike at work and prayer,
To Jesus I repair ;
May Jesus Christ be praised.

- 2 Does sadness fill my mind ?
A solace here I find,
May Jesus Christ be praised ;
Or fades my earthly bliss ?
My comfort still is this,
May Jesus Christ be praised.

- 3 Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
May Jesus Christ be praised ;
Be this th' eternal song,
Through all the ages long,
May Jesus Christ be saved.

362.

"THE" call of God is sounding clear,
O "Christian," let it reach thine ear ;

"Endeavor" now of souls to bring
A "Band" to love and serve the King.

CHO.—Let us go forth, the call is clear,
Let us go forth, no tarrying here;
For Him to live, the Christ, the Lord,
A crown from Him, our high reward.

- 2 Let us go forth, as called of God,
Redeemed by Jesus' precious blood.
His love to show, His life to live,
His message speak, His mercy give.
- 3 Let "Christ alone" our watchword be—
The Son of God who made us free;
He bore our sins, He makes us pure;
For His name's sake we all endure.
- 4 The Christ of God to glorify,
His grace in us to magnify—
His word of life to all make known,
Be this our work, and this alone.

363.

I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
from whence cometh my help;
My help cometh from the Lord, which
made heaven and earth.

- 2 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved:
He that keepeth thee will not slumber;
Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither
slumber nor sleep.
- 3 The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy
shade upon thy right hand;
The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor
the moon by night.
- 4 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil:
He shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and
thy coming in from this time forth, and
even forevermore.

364.

PRESS on, press on, O pilgrim,
Rejoicing in the Lord,
Believing in His promise,
And trusting in His word ;
Fear not, for He is with us,
Whate'er the cross we bear ;
And soon, beyond the swelling tide,
We'll gather over there.

REF.—Gather over there, gather over there
And soon, beyond the swelling tide,
We'll gather over there.

2 Press on, press on, O pilgrim,
Along the heavenly way ;
Remember God commands us
To watch and work and pray ;
He bids us all be faithful,
And cast on Him our care ;
And soon, beyond the swelling tide,
We'll gather over there.

3 Press on, press on, O pilgrim,
Though clouds and storms may rise ;
The Light that never faileth
Shines brightly in the skies ;
Press on where crowns await us,
In yonder mansions fair ;
And soon, beyond the swelling tide,
We'll gather over there.

365.

THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea ;
There's a kindness in His justice,
Which is more than liberty.

-
- 2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in His blood.
- 3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
- 4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

366.

O DAUGHTER, take good heed,
Incline and give good ear;
Thou must forget thy kindred all,
And father's house most dear.
Thy beauty to the King,
Shall then delightful be;
And do thou humbly worship Him,
Because thy Lord is He.

CHO.—With gladness and with joy,
Thou all of them shalt bring,
And they together enter shall
The palace of the King,
||: The palace of the King; :||
And they together enter shall
The palace of the King.

- 2 The daughter then of Tyre
There with a gift shall be,
And all the wealthy of the land
Shall make their suit to thee.
The daughter of the King
All glorious is within;

And with embroideries of gold
Her garments wrought have been.

3 She cometh to the King
In robes with needle wrought;
The virgins that do follow her
Shall unto Thee be brought.
With gladness and with joy,
Thou all of them shalt bring,
And they together enter shall
The palace of the King.

4 And in Thy Father's stead,
Thy children Thou shalt take,
And in all places of the earth
Them noble princes make.
I will show forth Thy name
To generations all;
The people therefore evermore
To Thee give praises shall.

367.

O HAPPY day that fixed my choice
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHO.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

2 O happy bond that seals my vows
To Him who merits all my love;
Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done ;
 I am my Lord's and He is mine ;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart,
 Fixed on this blissful centre, rest ;
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
 With Him of every good possessed.
- 5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renewed shall daily hear,
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

368.

- SPEED away, speed away on your mis-
 sion of light, [night;
 To the lands that are lying in darkness and
 'Tis the Master's command ; go ye forth in
 His name,
 The wonderful Gospel of Jesus proclaim ;
 Take your lives in your hand, to the work
 while 'tis day,
 Speed away, speed away, speed away.
- 2 Speed away, speed away with the life-
 giving Word, [the Lord;
 To the nations that know not the voice of
 Take the wings of the morning and fly o'er
 the wave, [to save ;
 In the strength of your Master the lost ones
 He is calling once more, not a moment's
 delay,
 Speed away, speed away, speed away.
- 3 Speed away, speed away with the message
 of rest, [oppressed ;
 To the souls by the tempter in bondage

For the Saviour has purchased their ran-
som from sin, [in ;
And the banquet is ready, O gather them
To the rescue make haste, there's no time
for delay,
Speed away, speed away, speed away.

369.

HALLELUJAH! Hallelujah!
Hearts to heaven and voices raise ;
Sing to God a hymn of gladness,
Sing to God a hymn of praise ;
He who on the cross a victim
For the world's salvation bled,
Jesus Christ the King of glory,
Now has risen from the dead.

2 Christ is risen, Christ the first-fruits
Of the holy harvest field,
Which will all its full abundance,
At His glorious advent, yield ;
Then the golden ears of harvest
Will before His presence wave,
Rising in His sunshine joyous,
From the furrows of the grave.

3 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
Glory be to God above !
Hallelujah to the Saviour,
Fount of life and source of love ;
Hallelujah to the Spirit ;
Let our high ascription be,
Hallelujah, now and ever,
To the blessed Trinity.

370.

“ **C**AST thy bread upon the waters,”
You who have but scant supply ;
Angel eyes will watch above it ;
You shall find it by and by ;

He who in His righteous balance,
Doth each human action weigh,
Will your sacrifice remember,
Will your loving deeds repay.

2 "Cast thy bread upon the waters,"
Sad and weary, worn with care;
Often sitting in the shadow—
Have you not a crumb to spare?
Can you not to those around you
Sing some little song of hope,
As you look with longing vision
Through faith's mighty telescope?

3 "Cast thy bread upon the waters,"
You who have abundant store;
It may float on many a billow,
It may strand on many a shore;
You may think it lost forever,
But, as sure as God is true,
In this life or in the other,
It will yet return to you.

371.

O H, list to the watchman crying,
Come, come away;
The arrows of death are flying,
Come, come, to-day.

CHO.—||: Come, come away ; ||:
Jesus is gently calling,
Come, come to-day.

2 The Spirit of God is pleading,
Come, come away ;
The Saviour is interceding,
Come, come to-day.

3 The mercy of God is calling,
Come, come away ;

How sweetly the words are falling,
Come, come to-day.

- 4 The angels of God entreat you,
Come, come away ;
The Father Himself will meet you,
Come, come to-day.

372.

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

CHO.—||: Let us crown Him, let us crown
Him, [Lord of all. :||
Let us crown the great Redeemer

- 2 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

- 3 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall ;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

373.

THERE is a land which lies afar,
Where grief is all unknown ;
A land wherein the angels sing
Around the heavenly throne.

REF.—O 'twill be sweet when we shall meet
Upon that distant shore,
Whereon the glorious sun ne'er sets,
||: But shines forevermore. :||

- 2 We are but pilgrims on the earth,
And brief our sojourn here ;

But well we know when hence we go,
There is a brighter sphere.

- 3 There is a realm of boundless love,
A goal for hearts distressed,
Where all may find for endless years
A home among the blest.

374.

OUR life is like a stormy sea
Swept by the gales of sin and grief,
While on the windward and the lee
Hang heavy clouds of unbelief;
But o'er the deep a call we hear,
Like harbor bells' inviting voice;
It tells the lost that hope is near,
And bids the trembling soul rejoice.

CHO.—This way, this way, O heart oppressed,
So long by storm and tempest driven,
This way, this way, lo, here is rest,
Rings out the harbor bells of heaven.

- 2 O let us now the call obey,
And steer our bark for yonder shore,
Where still that voice directs the way,
In pleading tones forevermore;
A thousand life wrecks strew the sea;
They're going down at every swell;
"Come unto me, Come unto me,"
Rings out th' assuring harbor bell.

- 3 O tempted one, look up, be strong;
The promise of the Lord is sure,
That they shall sing the victor's song,
Who faithful to the end endure;
God's Holy Spirit comes to thee,
Of His abiding love to tell;
To blissful port, o'er stormy sea,
Calls heaven's inviting harbor bell.

- 4 Come, gracious Lord, and in Thy love
 Conduct us o'er the stormy wave;
 O guide us to the home above,
 The blissful home beyond the grave;
 There safe from rock, and storm, and flood
 Our song of praise shall never cease,
 To Him who bought us with His blood,
 And brought us to the port of peace.

375.

OH, to have no Christ, no Saviour!
 No Rock, no Refuge nigh!
 When the dark days 'round thee gather,
 When the storms sweep o'er the sky!

CHO.—Oh, to have no hope in Jesus!
 No Friend, no Light in Jesus!
 Oh, to have no hope in Jesus!
 How dark this world would be!

2 Oh, to have no Christ, no Saviour!
 How lonely life must be!
 Like a sailor, lost and driven,
 On the wide and shoreless sea.

3 Oh, to have no Christ, no Saviour!
 No hand to clasp thine own!
 Through the dark, dark vale of shadows,
 Thou must press thy way alone.

Now, we pray thee, come to Jesus;
 His pardoning love receive;
 For the Saviour now is calling,
 And He bids thee turn and live.

CHO.—Come to Jesus, He will save you;
 He is the Friend of sinners;
 Then, when thou hast found the Sav-
 How bright this world will be! [iour,

376.

SLEEP on, beloved, sleep, and take thy
rest; [breast;
Lay down thy head upon thy Saviour's
We love thee well, but Jesus loves thee
best

Good-night! Good-night! Good-night!

2 Calm is thy slumber as an infant's sleep;
But thou shalt wake no more to toil and
weep;

Thine is a perfect rest, secure and deep—
Good-night!

3 Until the shadows from this earth are cast,
Until He gathers in His sheaves at last,
Until the twilight gloom be overpast—
Good-night!

4 Until the Easter glory lights the skies,
Until the dead in Jesus shall arise,
And He shall come, but not in lowly
Good-night! [guise—

5 Until, made beautiful by Love Divine,
Thou, in the likeness of thy Lord shalt
shine, [thine—
And He shall bring that golden crown of
Good-night!

6 Only "Good-night," beloved—not "fare-
well!"

A little while, and all His saints shall dwell
In hallowed union indivisible—

Good-night!

Until we meet again before His throne,
Clothed in the spotless robe He gives His
own,

Until we know even as we are known—
Good-night!

377.

HE dies! He dies! the lowly Man of
 sorrows, [woes,
 On whom were laid our many griefs and
 Our sins He bore, beneath God's awful
 billows,
 And He hath triumphed over all our foes.

CHO.—||: "I am He that liveth, that liveth and
 was dead, :||
 And behold, I am alive forevermore,
 Behold, I am alive forevermore;
 I am He that liveth, that liveth and
 was dead,
 And behold, I am alive forevermore."

2 He lives! He lives! what glorious consolation!

Exalted at His Father's own right hand,
 He pleads for us, and by His intercession,
 Enables all His saints by grace to stand.

3 He comes! He comes! O blest anticipation!

In keeping with His true and faithful [word;
 To call us to our heavenly consummation—
 Caught up, to be "*forever with the Lord.*"

378.

HE lives and loves, our Saviour King;
 With joyful lips your tribute bring;
 Repeat His praise, exalt His Name,
 Whose grace and truth are still the same.

CHO.—His mercy flows, an endless stream,
 To all eternity the same; [same.
 To all eternity, to all eternity the

2 His hand is strong, His word endures,
 His sacrifice our peace secures;

From sin and death He doth redeem,
His changeless love be all our theme.

- 3 Each day reveals His constant love,
With "mercies new" from heaven above;
Through ages past His word has stood;
Oh, taste and see that He is good.

379.

O THANK the Lord, the Lord of love,
O thank the God all gods above;
O thank the mighty King of kings,
Whose arm hath done such wondrous things.

- 2 Whose wisdom gave the heavens their
And on the waters spread the earth; [birth,
Who taught yon glorious lights their way,
The radiant sun to rule the day.
- 3 The moon and stars to rule the night,
With radiance of a milder light;
Who smote the Egyptians' stubborn pride,
When in His wrath their first-born died.
- 4 Who thought on us amidst our woes,
And rescued us from all our foes;
Who daily feeds each living thing;
O thank the heaven's Almighty King.

380.

WHEN morning lights the eastern
Thy mercy, Lord, disclose; [skies,
And let Thy loving kindness rise;
On Thee my hopes repose.

REF—||: On Thee my hopes repose, :||
And let Thy loving kindness rise.
On Thee my hopes repose.

2 Teach me the way where I should go;
I lift my soul to Thee;
Redeem me from the raging foe;
To Thee, O Lord, I flee.

3 Because Thou art my God, I pray,
Teach me to do Thy will;
O lead me in the perfect way
By Thy good Spirit still.

4 Revive me, Lord, for Thy great name.
And, for Thy judgment's sake,
From all my woes, O Lord, reclaim,
My soul from trouble take.

381.

O THOU my soul, bless God the Lord,
And all that in me is;
Be lifted up His holy name,
To magnify and bless.

CHO.—“Bless the Lord, bless the Lord,
Bless the Lord, O my soul,
And all that is within me,
Bless His holy name.”

2 Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God,
And not forgetful be
Of all His gracious benefits
He hath bestowed on thee.

3 All thy iniquities who doth
Most graciously forgive;
Who thy diseases all and pains
Doth heal, and thee relieve.

4 Who doth redeem thy life, that thou
To death mayst not go down;
Who thee with loving kindness doth
And tender mercies crown.

382.

I'LL Thee exalt, my God, O King,
Thy name I will adore ;
I'll bless Thee every day, and praise
Thy name forevermore.

2 The Lord is great, much to be praised,
His greatness search exceeds ;
Race unto race shall praise Thy works,
And show Thy mighty deeds.

3 I of Thy glorious majesty
The honor will record ;
I'll speak of all Thy mighty works,
Which wondrous are, O Lord.

4 Men of Thine acts the might shall show,
Thine acts that dreadful are ;
And I, Thy glory to advance,
Thy greatness will declare.

383.

I CRIED to God, I cried, He heard ;
In day of grief I sought the Lord ;
All night with hands stretched out I wept,
My soul no comfort would accept.

CHO.—Hath God forgotten to be kind ?
His tender love in wrath confined ?
My weakness this, yet faith doth stand
Recalling years of God's right hand.

2 I thought of God, and was distressed ;
Complained, yet trouble round me pressed ;
Thou holdest, Lord, my eyes awake :
So great my grief I cannot speak.

3 The days of old I called to mind,
The ancient years when God was kind ;
I called to mind my song by night ;
My musing spirit sought for light.

- 4 Will God cast off forevermore?
 His favor will He ne'er restore?
 Has grace forever passed away?
 Or, doth His promise fail for aye?

384.

IN Thy great loving kindness, Lord,
 Be merciful to me;
 In Thy compassion great blot out
 All my iniquity.

CHO.—Wash Thou me, yes, wash Thou me,
 And then I shall be whiter than the
 snow,
 I shall be whiter than the snow.

- 2 O wash me thoroughly from sin;
 From all my guilt me cleanse;
 For my transgressions I confess;
 I ever see my sins.

- 3 'Gainst Thee, Thee only have I sinned,
 Done evil in Thy sight,
 That when Thou speak'st Thou mayst be
 And in Thy judging right. [just,

- 4 Behold, I in iniquity
 My being first received;
 And with a nature all corrupt
 My mother me conceived.

385.

THEE will I love, O Lord, my strength,
 My fortress is the Lord,
 My rock, and He that doth to me
 Deliverance afford.

CHO.—My God, whom I will trust,
 A buckler unto me,
 The horn of my salvation, too,
 And my high tower is He.

- 2 The Lord is worthy to be praised,
Upon His name I'll call;
And He from all my enemies
Preserve me safely shall.
- 3 In my distress I called on God,
Cry to my God did I;
He from His temple heard my voice,
To His ears came my cry.
- 4 I therefore will to Thee, O Lord,
In songs my thanks proclaim;
And I among the heathen will
Sing praises to Thy name.

386.

FAR from Thy sacred courts my tears
Have been my food by night and day,
While constantly, with bitter sneers,
"Where is thy God?" the scoffers say.

CHO.—As pants the hart for water brooks,
So pants my soul, O God, for Thee;
For Thee it thirsts, to Thee it looks,
And longs the living God to see.

- 2 These things I'll call to mind, and cry,
When I shall tread the sacred way
To Zion, praising God on high,
With throngs who keep the holy day.
- 3 O why art thou cast down, my soul?
And what should so disquiet thee?
Still hope in God, and Him extol,
Whose face brings saving health to me.

387.

FROM the depths do I invoke Thee,
O Jehovah, give an ear;
To my voice be Thou attentive,
And my supplications hear.

CHO.—I am waiting, I am waiting,
And my hope is in His word;
I am waiting, ever waiting,
Yea, my soul waits for the Lord.

2 Lord, if Thou shouldst mark transgressions,
Who before Thee, Lord, shall stand?
But with Thee there is forgiveness,
That Thy name may fear command.

3 Israel, hope thou in Jehovah,
Mercies great are found with Him;
He, abounding in redemption,
Israel will from sin redeem.

388.

O PRAISE our Lord, where rich in grace
His presence fills His holy place;
Praise Him in yon celestial arch, [march.:||
||: Where holds His power its glorious

CHO.—O praise Him, O praise Him, for all
His deeds of fame;
O praise Him, O praise Him, O praise
His mighty name;
Let all that breathe with glad accord
Lift up their voice, their voice, and
praise, and praise the Lord.

2 O praise Him for His deeds of fame,
O praise the greatness of His name;
O praise Him with the trumpet's sound,
||: With harp and psaltery answering
round. :||

3 O praise Him with the notes of joy,
And every harp in praise employ;
On cymbals loud, Jehovah's praise,
||: On cymbals high His glory raise. :||

389.

TO Thee, I lift my soul, O Lord ;
 My God, I trust in Thee ;
 O let me never be ashamed,
 Nor foes exult o'er me.

CHO.—Remember me, remember me,
 O Lord, remember me ;
 In mercy, for Thy goodness' sake
 O Lord, remember me.

2 O Lord, let none be put to shame,
 Upon Thee who attend ;
 But make all those to be ashamed,
 Who causelessly offend.

3 Thy ways, Lord, show ; teach me Thy
 Lead me in truth, teach me ; [paths ;
 For of my safety Thou art God ;
 All day I wait on Thee.

4 Let not the errors of my youth,
 Nor sins remembered be ;
 In mercy, for Thy goodness' sake,
 O Lord, remember me.

390.

“WHOSOEVER heareth,” shout, shout
 the sound ! [around ;
 Send the blessed tidings all the world
 Spread the joyful news wherever man is
 found :
 “Whosoever will, may come.”

CHO.—“Whosoever will, whosoever will,”
 Send the proclamation over vale and
 hill ; [d'rer home :
 'Tis a loving Father calls the wan-
 “Whosoever will, may come.”

2 Whosoever cometh need not delay,
Now the door is open, enter while you may;
Jesus is the true, the only Living Way:
"Whosoever will, may come."

3 "Whosoever will," the promise secure,
"Whosoever will," forever must endure;
"Whosoever will," 'tis life forevermore:
"Whosoever will, may come."

391.

• LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious •
See the "Man of sorrows" now;
From the fight returned victorious,
Every knee to Him shall bow.

REF.—||: Crown Him, crown Him, angels
crown Him,
Crown the Saviour "King of kings." :||

2 Crown the Saviour, angels, crown Him;
Rich the trophies Jesus brings;
In the seat of power enthrone Him,
While the vault of heaven rings.

3 Sinners in derision crowned Him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around Him,
Own His title, praise His name.

4 Hark! the bursts of acclamation!
Hark! these loud triumphant chords;
Jesus takes the highest station,
Oh, what joy the sight affords.

392.

DOXOLOGY.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings
flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;

Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

BLESSINGS INVOKED.

BE present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored ;
These mercies bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee.

THANKS RETURNED.

WE thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
For life, and health, and every good:
Let manna to our souls be given—
The Bread of Life sent down from heaven.

393.

I KNOW not the hour when my Lord
will come
To take me away to His own dear home ;
But I know that His presence will lighten
the gloom,
And that will be glory for me.

CHO.—And that will be glory for me,
Oh, that will be glory for me ;
But I know that His presence will
lighten the gloom,
And that will be glory for me.

2 I know not the song that the angels sing,
I know not the sound of the harp's glad
ring ; [our King,
But I know there'll be mention of Jesus
And that will be music for me.

CHO.—And that will be music for me ;
Oh that will be music for me ;

But I know there'll be mention of
Jesus our King,
And that will be music for me.

3 I know not the form of my mansion fair,
I know not the name that I then shall bear,
But I know that my Saviour will welcome
me there,
And that will be heaven for me.

CHO.—And that will be heaven for me,
Oh, that will be heaven for me;
But I know that my Saviour will wel-
come me there,
And that will be heaven for me.

394.

RING the bells of heaven! there is joy
to-day,

For a soul returning from the wild;
See! the Father meets him out upon the
way,

Welcoming His weary, wand'ring child.

CHO.—Glory! glory! how the angels sing;
Glory! glory! how the loud harps
ring; [sea,
'Tis the ransomed army, like a mighty
Pealing forth the anthem of the free.

2 Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-
day,

For the wanderer now is reconciled;
Yes, a soul is rescued from his sinful way,
And is born anew a ransomed child.

3 Ring the bells of heaven! spread the feast
to-day,

Angels, swell the glad triumphant strain;
Tell the joyful tidings! bear it far away!
For a precious soul is born again.

395.

GOD loved the world of sinners lost
 And ruined by the fall ;
 Salvation full, at highest cost,
 He offers free to all.

CHO.—Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love !
 The love of God to me ;
 It brought my Saviour from above,
 To die on Calvary.

2 E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,
 The risen Son of God ;
 Redemption by His death I find,
 And cleansing through the blood.

3 Love brings the glorious fullness in,
 And to His saints makes known
 The blessed rest from inbred sin,
 Through faith in Christ alone.

4 Believing souls, rejoicing go ;
 There shall to you be given
 A glorious foretaste, here below,
 Of endless life in heaven.

5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power
 Let all the ransomed sing,
 And triumph in the dying hour
 Through Christ the Lord our King.

396.

WE praise Thee, O God ! for the Son of
 Thy love,
 For Jesus who died and is now gone above.

CHO.—Hallelujah ! Thine the glory,
 Hallelujah ! Amen ;
 Hallelujah ! Thine the glory,
 Revive us again.

- 2 We praise Thee, O God ! for Thy Spirit of
light, [tered our night.
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scat-
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was
slain, [cleansed every stain.
Who has borne all our sins, and has
- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us. and
guided our ways.
- 5 Revive us again ; fill each heart with Thy
love ; [above.
May each soul be rekindled with fire from

397.

THE whole world was lost in the dark-
ness of sin,
The Light of the world is Jesus ; [in,
Like sunshine at noonday His glory shone
The Light of the world is Jesus.

CHO.—Come to the Light, 'tis shining for thee ;
Sweetly the Light has dawned upon
me,
Once I was blind, but now I can see ;
The Light of the world is Jesus.

2 No darkness have we who in Jesus abide,
The Light of the world is Jesus ; [Guide,
We walk in the Light when we follow our
The Light of the world is Jesus.

3 Ye dwellers in darkness with sin-blinded
The Light of the world is Jesus ; [eyes,
Go, wash, at His bidding, and light will
The Light of the world is Jesus. [arise,

4 No need of the sunlight in heaven, we're
The Light of that world is Jesus ; [told,

The Lamb is the light in the City of Gold,
The Light of that world is Jesus.

398.

COME home! come home!
You are weary at heart,
For the way has been dark,
And so lonely and wild;
O prodigal child!
Come home! oh, come home

CHO.—Come home!

Come, oh, come home!

2 Come home! come home!
For we watch and we wait,
And we stand at the gate,
While the shadows are piled;
O prodigal child!
Come home! oh, come home!

3 Come home! come home!
From the sorrow and blame,
From the sin and the shame,
And the tempter that smiled,
O prodigal child!
Come home, oh, come home!

4 Come home! come home!
There is bread and to spare,
And a warm welcome there;
Then, to friends reconciled,
O prodigal child!
Come home, oh, come home!

399.

NOT now, my child—a little more rough
tossing,
A little longer on the billows' foam;

A few more journeyings in the desert darkness,
 And then, the sunshine of thy Father's [Home!

2 Not now; for I have wanderers in the distance,
 And thou must call them in with patient [love,
 Not now, for I have sheep upon the mountains,
 And thou must follow them where'er [they rove.

3 Not now; for I have loved ones sad and weary;
 Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly [smile?
 Sick ones, who need thee in their lonely sorrow;
 Wilt thou not tend them yet a little [while?

4 Not now; for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,
 And thou must teach those widowed [hearts to sing:
 Not now; for orphans' tears are quickly falling,
 They must be gathered 'neath some shel- [tering wing.

5 Go, with the name of Jesus, to the dying,
 And speak that Name in all its living power;
 Why should thy fainting heart grow chill [and weary?
 Canst thou not watch with Me one little hour?

6 One little hour! and then the glorious crowning,
 The golden harp-strings, and the victor's [palm;
 One little hour! and then the hallelujah!
 Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm!

400.

THE great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

CHO.—“Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.”

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

401.

TO-DAY the Saviour calls;
Ye wand'ers, come;
O ye benighted souls,
Why longer roam?

CHO.—||: Come home, come home,
The Saviour calls, come home.:||

2 To-day the Saviour calls;
O hear Him now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;

The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

- 4 The Spirit calls to-day ;
Yield to His power ;
O grieve Him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

402.

WHERE is my wand'ring boy to-
night—

The boy of my tenderest care,
The boy that was once my joy and light,
The child of my love and prayer?

CHO.—||: O where is my boy to-night? :||
My heart o'erflows, for I love him, he
knows;

O where is my boy to-night?

- 2 Once he was pure as morning dew,
As he knelt at his mother's knee ;
No face was so bright, no heart more true,
And none was so sweet as he.
- 3 O could I see you now, my boy,
As fair as in olden time,
When prattle and smile made home a joy,
And life was a merry chime !
- 4 Go for my wand'ring boy to-night ;
Go, search for him where you will ;
But bring him to me with all his blight,
And tell him I love him still.

403.

IT passeth knowledge, that dear love of
Thine! [mine

My Jesus! Saviour! yet this soul of
Would of that love, in all its depth and
length, [strength.
Its height, and breadth, and everlasting
Know more and more.

- 2 It passeth *telling* ! that dear love of Thine !
 My Jesus ! Saviour ! yet these lips of mine
 Would fain proclaim to sinners far and
 near
 A love which can remove all guilty fear,
 And love beget.
- 3 It passeth *praises* ! that dear love of Thine !
 My Jesus ! Saviour ! yet this heart of mine
 Would sing a love so rich, so full, so free,
 Which brought an undone sinner, such as
 Right home to God. [me,
- 4 But ah ! I cannot tell, or sing, or know,
 The fullness of that love whilst here below ;
 Yet my poor vessel I may freely bring ;
 O Thou who art of love the living spring,
 My vessel fill.
- 5 I *am* an empty vessel ! scarce one thought
 Or look of love to Thee I've ever brought ;
 Yet, I *may* come, and come again to Thee
 With this—the contrite sinner's truthful
 “ *Thou lovest me.*” [plea—
- 6 Oh, *fill* me, Jesus, Saviour, with Thy love !
 May woes but drive me to the fount above ;
 Thither may I in child-like faith draw
 And never to another fountain fly [nigh,
 But unto Thee !
- 7 And when, my Jesus ! Thy dear face I see,
 When at the lofty throne I bend the knee,
 Then of Thy love—in all its breadth and
 length, [strength—
 Its height, and depth, and everlasting
 My soul shall sing.

404.

COME, Thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing Thy grace ;

Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise;
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above;
 Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it!
 Mount of Thy redeeming love.

- 2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by Thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home;
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed His precious blood.
- 3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor.
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let Thy goodness, as a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
 Prone to leave the God I love—
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
 Seal it for Thy courts above.

405.

SWEET hóur of prayer! sweet hóur of
 prayer!—
 That calls me from a world of care,
 And bids me at my Father's throne
 Make all my wants and wishes known:
 In seasons of distress and grief,
 My soul has often found relief;
 ¶: And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
 By thy return, sweet hóur of prayer!::

- 2 Sweet hóur of prayer! sweet hóur of
 Thy wings shall my petition bear [prayer!]

To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless ;
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word and trust His grace,
||: I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer !: ||

- 3 Sweet hour of prayer ! sweet hour of
May I thy consolation share, [prayer !
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight ;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize ; [air,
||: And shout, while passing through the
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer !: ||

406.

THERE is life for a look at the Crucified
One,
There is life at this moment for thee ;
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be
saved,
Unto Him who was nailed to the tree.

REF.—Look ! look ! look and live ! [One,
There is life for a look at the Crucified
There is life at this moment for thee.

- 2 Oh, why was He there as the Bearer of sin,
If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid ?
Oh, why from His side flowed the sin-
cleansing blood,
If His dying thy debt has not paid ?

- 3 It is not thy tears of repentance, and
prayers,
But the *Blood*, that atones for the soul ;
On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest at
Thy weight of iniquity roll. [once

- 4 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God
has declared
There remaineth no more to be done;
That once in the end of the world He ap-
peared,
And completed the work He begun.
- 5 Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at once
The life everlasting He gives; [die,
And know with assurance thou never canst
Since Jesus thy righteousness lives.

407.

COME to the Saviour, make no delay;
Here in His word He's shown us the
way;
Here in our midst He's standing to-day,
Tenderly saying, "Come!"

CHO.—Joyful, joyful will the meeting be,
When from sin our hearts are pure
and free; [Thee,
And we shall gather, Saviour, with
In our eternal home.

- 2 "Suffer the children!" Oh, hear His voice,
Let every heart leap forth and rejoice,
And let us freely make Him our choice:
Do not delay, but come.

- 3 Think once again, He's with us to-day;
Heed now His blest commands and obey;
Hear now His accents tenderly say,
"Will you, my children, come?"

408.

HE leadeth me! oh! blessed thought,
Oh! words with heavenly comfort
Whate'er I do, where'er I be, [fraught;
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REF.—He leadeth me ! He leadeth me !
 By His own hand He leadeth me ;
 His faithful follower I would be,
 For by His hand He leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
 Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
 By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
 Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
 Nor ever murmur nor repine—
 Content, whatever lot I see,
 Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
 When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
 Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

409.

WHEN He cometh, when He cometh
 To make up His jewels,
 All His jewels, precious jewels,
 His loved and His own.

CHO.—Like the stars of the morning,
 His bright crown adorning,
 They shall shine in their beauty,
 Bright gems for His crown.

2 He will gather, He will gather
 The gems for His kingdom :
 All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
 His loved and His own.

3 Little children, little children
 Who love their Redeemer,
 Are the jewels, precious jewels,
 His loved and His own.

410.

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
 Thou art scattering full and free—
 Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
 Let some droppings fall on me—

Even me, even me,
 Let Thy blessing fall on me.

2 Pass me not, O gracious Father,
 Sinful though my heart may be;
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
 Let Thy mercy fall on me—
 Even me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
 Let me love and cling to Thee;
 I am longing for Thy favor;
 Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me—
 Even me.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
 Thou canst make the blind to see;
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
 Speak the word of power to me—
 Even me.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless;—
 Magnify them all in me—
 Even me.

6 Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,
 Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
 While the streams of life are springing,
 Blessing others, oh, bless me—
 Even me.

411.

HARK! the voice of Jesus crying—
 "Who will go and work to-day?"

Fields are white and harvest waiting ;
 Who will bear the sheaves away ?"
 Loud and strong the Master calleth,
 Rich reward He offers thee ;
 Who will answer, gladly saying,
 ¶: "Here am I ; send me, send me !" :¶

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,
 And the heathen lands explore,
 You can find the heathen nearer,
 You can help them at your door.
 If you cannot give your thousands,
 You can give the widow's mite ;
 And the least you do for Jesus,
 ¶: Will be precious in His sight. :¶

3 If you cannot speak like angels,
 If you cannot preach like Paul,
 You can tell the love of Jesus,
 You can say He died for all.
 If you cannot rouse the wicked
 With the judgment's dread alarms,
 You can lead the little children
 ¶: To the Saviour's waiting arms. :¶

4 If you cannot be the watchman,
 Standing high on Zion's wall,
 Pointing out the path to heaven,
 Offering life and peace to all ;—
 With your prayers and with your bounties .
 You can do what heaven demands ;
 You can be like faithful Aaron,
 ¶: Holding up the prophet's hands. :¶

5 If among the older people,
 You may not be apt to teach, [herd,
 "Feed my lambs," said Christ, our Shep—
 "Place the food within their reach."
 And it may be that the children
 You have led with trembling hand,

Will be found among your jewels,
 ¶: When you reach the better land.:||

- 6 Let none hear you idly saying,
 "There is nothing I can do."
 While the souls of men are dying,
 And the Master calls for you.
 Take the task He gives you gladly,
 Let His work your pleasure be;
 Answer quickly when He calleth,
 ¶: "Here am I; send me, send me!" :||

412.

NOTHING but leaves!
 The Spirit grieves
 O'er years of wasted life;
 O'er sins indulged while conscience slept,
 O'er vows and promises unkept,
 And reap from years of strife—
 ¶: Nothing but leaves! :||

- 2 Nothing but leaves!
 No gathered sheaves
 Of life's fair rip'ning grain:
 We sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds—
 Words, *idle* words, for earnest deeds—
 Then reap with toil and pain,
 ¶: Nothing but leaves! :||

- 3 Nothing but leaves!
 Sad memory weaves
 No veil to hide the past;
 And as we trace our weary way,
 And count each lost and misspent day,
 We sadly find at last—
 ¶: Nothing but leaves! :||

- 4 Ah, who shall thus the Master meet,
 And bring but withered leaves?

Ah, who shall at the Saviour's feet,
Before the awful judgment-seat,
Lay down, for golden sheaves,
|: Nothing but leaves? :||

413.

“YET there is room!” The Lamb's bright
hall of song,
With its fair glory, beckons thee along:

REF.—Room, room, still room!

Oh, enter, enter now!

2 Day is declining and the sun is low; [go:
The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to

3 The bridal hall is filling for the feast;
Pass in! pass in! and be the Bridegroom's
guest:

4 It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee!
Make haste, make haste; 'tis not too full
for thee:

5 Yet there is room! Still open stands the
gate,
The gate of love; it is not yet too late:

6 Pass in! pass in! That banquet is for thee;
That cup of everlasting love is free:

7 All heaven is there, all joy! Go in, go in;
The angels beckon thee the prize to win:

8 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy
doom; [no room!”

Then the last, low, long cry—“No room,

REF.—No room, no room—oh, woful cry,
“No room!”

414.

DO you see the Hebrew captive kneel-
ing,

At morning, noon, and night to pray?

In his chamber he remembers Zion,
Though in exile far away.

CHO.—Are your windows open toward Jeru-
salem, [while" we stay ?
Though as captives here a "little
For the coming of the King in His
glory,
Are you watching day by day ?

2 Do not fear to tread the fiery furnace,
Nor shrink the lion's den to share ;
For the God of Daniel will deliver,
He will send His angel there.

3 Children of the living God, take courage ;
Your great deliverance sweetly sing ;
Set your faces toward the hill of Zion,
Thence to hail our coming King.

415.

SOON shall we see the glorious morning,
Saints arise ! saints arise !
Sinners, attend the notes of warning ;
Saints arise ! saints arise !
The resurrection day draws near,
The King of Saints shall soon appear,
And high His royal standard rear ;
Saints arise ! saints arise !

2 Hear ye the trump of God resounding,
Saints arise ! saints arise ! [ing ;
Through all the vaults of death rebound-
Saints arise ! saints arise !
To meet the bridegroom, haste, prepare,
Put on your bridal garments fair,
And hail your Saviour in the air ;
Saints arise ! saints arise !

3 The saints who sleep, with joy awaken,
All arise ! all arise !

Their beds of death are quick forsaken ;
 All arise ! all arise !
 Not one of all the faithful few
 Who here on earth the Saviour knew,
 But starts with bliss his Lord to view ;
 All arise ! all arise !

- 4 Fast by the throne of God behold them
 Crowned at last ! crowned at last !
 See, in His arms the Saviour folds them,
 Crowned at last ! crowned at last !
 With wreaths of glory round their head,
 No tears of sorrow now are shed,
 To joy's full fountain all are led,
 Crowned at last ! crowned at last !

416.

- "MAN of Sorrows," what a name !
 For the Son of God, who came,
 Ruined sinners to reclaim !
 Hallelujah, what a Saviour !
- 2 Bearing shame and scoffing rude,
 In my place condemned He stood ;
 Sealed my pardon with His blood ;
 Hallelujah, what a Saviour !
- 3 Guilty, vile, and helpless, we ;
 Spotless Lamb of God was He ;
 "Full atonement !" can it be ?
 Hallelujah, what a Saviour !
- 4 Lifted up was He to die,
 "It is finished," was His cry,
 Now in heaven exalted high ;
 Hallelujah, what a Saviour !
- 5 When He comes, our glorious King,
 All His ransomed home to bring,
 Then anew this song we'll sing ;
 Hallelujah, what a Saviour !

417.

HO! reapers of life's harvest,
 Why stand with rusted blade,
 Until the night draws round thee,
 And day begins to fade?
 Why stand ye idle, waiting
 For reapers more to come?
 The golden morn is passing,
 Why sit ye idle, dumb?

2 Thrust in your sharpened sickle,
 And gather in the grain;
 The night is fast approaching,
 And soon will come again;
 The Master calls for reapers,
 And shall He call in vain?
 Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,
 And waste upon the plain?

3 Mount up the heights of Wisdom,
 And crush each error low;
 Keep back no words of knowledge
 That human hearts should know.
 Be faithful to thy mission,
 In service of thy Lord,
 And then a golden chaplet
 Shall be thy just reward.

418.

FADE, fade, each earthly joy;
 Jesus is mine!
 Break, every tender tie;
 Jesus is mine!
 Dark is the wilderness,
 Earth has no resting place,
 Jesus alone can bless,
 Jesus is mine!

2 Tempt not my soul away ;
 Jesus is mine !
 Here would I ever stay ;
 Jesus is mine !
 Perishing things of clay,
 Born but for one brief day,
 Pass from my heart away,
 Jesus is mine !

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night ;
 Jesus is mine !
 Lost in this dawning light ;
 Jesus is mine !
 All that my soul has tried,
 Left but a dismal void,
 Jesus has satisfied,
 Jesus is mine !

4 Farewell, mortality ;
 Jesus is mine !
 Welcome, eternity ;
 Jesus is mine !
 Welcome, O loved and blest,
 Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
 Welcome, my Saviour's breast,
 Jesus is mine !

419.

KNOCKING, knocking, who is there ?
 Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair !
 'Tis a Pilgrim, strange and kingly,
 Never such was seen before ;
 Ah ! my soul, for such a wonder
 Wilt thou not undo the door ?

2 Knocking, knocking, still He's there,
 Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair ;
 But the door is hard to open,
 For the weeds and ivy-vine,

With their dark and clinging tendrils,
Ever round the hinges twine.

- 3 Knocking, knocking—what! still there?
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;
Yes, the piercèd hand still knocketh,
And beneath the crownèd hair
Beam the patient eyes, so tender,
Of thy Saviour, waiting there.

420.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
“Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast.”

- 2 I came to Jesus as I was—
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
“Behold, I freely give
The living water—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live.”
- 4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.
- 5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
“I am this dark world’s light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.”
- 6 I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in the light of life I’ll walk
’Til traveling days are done.

421.

REPEAT the story o'er and o'er,
Of *grace* so full and free;
I love to hear it more and more,
Since *grace* has rescued me.

CHO.—||: The half was never told, :||
Of *grace* divine, so wonderful,
The half was never told.

2 Of *peace* I only knew the name,
Nor found my soul its rest,
Until the sweet-voiced angel came
To soothe my weary breast.

CHO.—||: The half was never told, :||
Of *peace* divine, so wonderful,
The half was never told.

3 My highest place is lying low
At my Redeemer's feet;
No real *joy* in life I know,
But in His service sweet.

CHO.—||: The half was never told, :||
Of *joy* divine, so wonderful,
The half was never told.

4 And oh, what rapture will it be,
With all the host above,
To sing through all eternity
The wonders of His *love*!

CHO.—||: The half was never told, :||
Of *love* divine, so wonderful,
The half was never told.

422.

IT may be at morn, when the day is awak-
ing,

When sunlight through darkness and
 shadow is breaking, [glory,
 That Jesus will come in the fullness of
 To receive from the world "His own."

CHO.—O Lord Jesus, how long, how long
 Ere we shout the glad song, Christ re-
 turneth;
 Hallelujah! hallelujah! Amen!
 Hallelujah! Amen.

2 It may be at mid-day, it may be at twi-
 light, [midnight
 It may be, perchance, that the blackness of
 Will burst into light in the blaze of His
 glory,
 When Jesus receives "His own."

3 While its hosts cry Hosanna, from heaven
 descending, [tending,
 With glorified saints and the angels at-
 With grace on His brow, like a halo of
 Will Jesus receive "His own." [glory,

4 Oh, joy! oh, delight! should we go with-
 out dying, [crying,
 No sickness, no sadness, no dread, and no
 Caught up through the clouds with our
 Lord into glory,
 When Jesus receives "His own."

423.

STANDING by a purpose true,
 Heeding God's command,
 Honor them, the faithful few!
 All hail to Daniel's Band!

CHO.—Dare to be a Daniel,
 Dare to stand alone!
 Dare to have a purpose firm!
 Dare to make it known!

- 2 Many mighty men are lost,
Daring not to stand,
Who for God had been a host,
By joining Daniel's Band.
- 3 Many giants, great and tall,
Stalking through the land,
Headlong to the earth would fall,
If met by Daniel's Band.
- 4 Hold the gospel banner high !
On to victory grand !
Satan and his hosts defy,
And shout for Daniel's Band.

424.

- A**RISE, my soul, arise ;
Shake off thy guilty fears ;
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears ;
||: Before the throne my Surety stands,:||
My name is written on His hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede ;
His all redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead ;
||: His blood atoned for all our race,:||
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
 - 3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary ;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me ;
||: Forgive him, oh, forgive, they cry,:||
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.
 - 4 My God is reconciled ;
His pard'ning voice I hear ;
He owns me for His child ;
I can no longer fear ;

||: With confidence I now draw nigh, :||
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

425.

MY hope is built on nothing less [ness;
Than Jesus' blood and righteous-
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

CHO.—On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand ;
||: All other ground is sinking sand. :||

- 2 When darkness veils His lovely face,
I rest on His unchanging grace ;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.
- 3 His oath, His covenant, His blood,
Support me in the whelming flood ;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.
- 4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,
O, may I then in Him be found ;
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne !

426.

THERE'S a beautiful land on high,
To its glories I fain would fly,
When by sorrows pressed down, I long for
my crown
In that beautiful land on high.

CHO.—In that beautiful land I'll be,
From earth and its cares set free ;
My Jesus is there, He's gone to pre-
A place in that land for me. [pare

- 2 There's a beautiful land on high,
I shall enter it by and by ;

There with friends hand in hand, I shall
walk on the strand,
In that beautiful land on high.

3 There's a beautiful land on high;
Then why should I fear to die,
When death is the way to the realms of day,
In that beautiful land on high?

4 There's a beautiful land on high,
And my kindred its bliss enjoy; [me,
And methinks I now see them waiting for
In that beautiful land on high.

5 There's a beautiful land on high,
Where we never shall say "good-bye;"
Where the righteous will sing, and their
chorus will ring
In that beautiful land on high.

427.

OH! do not let the Word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light;
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart;
Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-
night?

CHO.—||: Why not to-night? Why not to-
night? [to-night?:||
Thou would'st be saved—Why not

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise,
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time! Oh, then be wise!
Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-
night?

3 The world has nothing left to give—
It has no new, no pure delight;
Oh, try the life which Christians live!
Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-
night?

- 4 Our blessed Lord refuses none
 Who would to Him their souls unite;
 Then be the work of grace begun! [*night?*
 Thou would'st be saved—*Why not to-*

428.

SHE only touched the hem of His gar-
 As to His side she stole, [ment
 Amid the crowd that gathered around Him,
 And straightway she was whole.

CHO.—Oh, touch the hem of His garment,
 And thou, too, shalt be free;
 His saving power this very hour
 Shall give new life to thee.

- 2 She came in fear and trembling before
 She knew her Lord had come; [Him,
 She felt that from Him virtue had healed
 The mighty deed was done. [her,

- 3 He turned with “Daughter, be of good
 comfort,
 Thy faith hath made thee whole;”
 And peace that passeth all understanding
 With gladness filled her soul.

429.

I AM coming to the cross;
 I am poor, and weak, and blind;
 I am counting all but dross,
 I shall full salvation find.

CHO.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee,
 Blest Lamb of Calvary;
 Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
 Save me, Jesus, save me now.

- 2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
 Long has evil reigned within;
 Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
 “I will cleanse you from all sin.”

- 3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,—
Wholly Thine forevermore.
- 4 In Thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.
- 5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in Him I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

430.

WHEN Jesus comes to reward His
servants,
Whether it be noon or night,
Faithful to Him will He find us watching,
With our lamps all trimmed and bright?

REF.—Oh, can we say, we are ready, brother?
Ready for the soul's bright home?
Say, will He find you and me still
watching, [shall come?
Waiting, waiting when the Lord

- 2 If at the dawn of the early morning,
He shall call us one by one,
When to the Lord we restore our talents,
Will He answer Thee—Well done?
- 3 Have we been true to the trust He left us?
Do we seek to do our best? [us,
If in our hearts there is naught condemns
We shall have a glorious rest.
- 4 Blessed are those whom the Lord finds
watching,
In His glory they shall share;

— — —

If He shall come at the dawn or midnight,
Will He find us watching there?

431.

— — —

SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tend'rest care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use Thy folds prepare.
||: Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are. :||

2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
||: Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray. :||

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
||: Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee. :||

432.

— — —

COME, ye disconsolate! where'er ye
languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel:
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell
your anguish; [heal.
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot

2 Joy of the desolate! light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure!
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly say-
ing, [cure.
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot

- 3 Here see the bread of life ; see waters flow-
 ing [above :
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from
 Come to the feast of love ; come, ever know-
 ing, [move.
 Earth has no sorrows but heaven can re-

433.

SOWING the seed by the daylight fair,
 Sowing the seed by the noonday glare,
 Sowing the seed by the fading light,
 Sowing the seed in the solemn night ;
 ||: Oh, what shall the harvest be? :||

CHO.—||: Sown in the darkness or sown in the
 light, :|| [our might, :||
 ||: Sown in our weakness or sown in
 Gathered in time or eternity.
 Sure, ah, sure, will the harvest be.

- 2 Sowing the seed by the wayside high,
 Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
 Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,
 Sowing the seed in the fertile soil ;
 ||: Oh, what shall the harvest be? :||

- 3 Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
 Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
 Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
 Sowing the seed of eternal shame ;
 ||: Oh, what shall the harvest be? :||

- 4 Sowing the seed with an aching heart,
 Sowing the seed while the teardrops start,
 Sowing in hope till the reapers come
 Gladly to gather the harvest home ;
 ||: Oh, what shall the harvest be? :||

434.

TAKE my life and let it be
 Consecrated, Lord, to Thee ;

Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

2 Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee;
Take my voice and let me sing
Always—only—for my King.

3 Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in endless praise;
Take my intellect and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

4 Take my will and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

5 Take my love, my God, I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

435.

O H word of words the sweetest,
Oh word in which there lie
All promise, all fulfillment,
And end of mystery;
Lamenting or rejoicing,
With doubt or terror nigh,
I hear the "Come," of Jesus,
And to His cross I fly.

REF.—||: Come, oh, come to me,
Come, oh, come to me,
Weary, heavy laden,
Come, oh, come to me. :||

2 Oh soul! why shouldst thou wander
From such a loving Friend?

Cling closer, closer to Him,
 Stay with Him to the end ;
 Alas ! I am so helpless,
 So very full of sin,
 For I am ever wand'ring,
 And coming back again.

- 3 Oh, each time draw me nearer,
 That soon the "Come" may be
 Naught but a gentle whisper,
 To one close, close to Thee ;
 Then, over sea and mountain,
 Far from or near my home,
 I'll take Thy hand and follow,
 At that sweet whisper, "Come !"

436.

MY days are gliding swiftly by,
 And I, a pilgrim stranger,
 Would not detain them as they fly,
 Those hours of toil and danger.

CHO.—For, oh ! we stand on Jordan's strand ;
 Our friends are passing over ;
 And just before, the shining shore
 We may almost discover.

- 2 Should coming days be cold and dark,
 We need not cease our singing ;
 That perfect rest naught can molest,
 Where golden harps are ringing.

- 3 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
 Each cord on earth to sever ; [home,
 Our King says—"Come !"—and there's our
 Forever. oh ! forever !

437.

THE Lord bless thee and keep thee:
The Lord make his face shine upon
thee,
||: and be gracious unto thee: ||
The Lord lift up his countenance,
his countenance upon thee,
and give thee peace.

438.

GLORY be to the Father, and to the
Son, and to the Holy Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and
ever shall be, world without end.
AMEN.

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